THE SMART SET

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MISS THOMPSON

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THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF CLEVERNESS

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Editor—J. W. MILNE

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Stabilizing Prices

BY

H. Dennis Bradley.

Incognito

Optimism is a virtue to be cultivated. And my optimism lies in the policy of Truth. This unsterilized instrument is the only clean weapon to be used in commerce, politics, love, war, or peace.

In commerce I believe in taking the public into my confidence. Therefore I will state my policy for 1921.

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by Elsie Janis

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By Bombardier Billy Wells.

(In an Interview.)

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Billy Wells.

I am glad to say that as a gymnastic instructor in the Army I found these two preparations almost indispensable for keeping the men free from all internal troubles, aching muscles, etc., to which a "Tommy" is subject during the training period. I also found them to be invaluable for rheumatism, one of the greatest enemies the soldiers had to contend with. Middle-aged men, often living under somewhat damp conditions, fell easy victims to this complaint, also to stiff joints or muscular soreness and aching due to other causes. I, therefore, always endeavoured to impress upon them strongly the value of drinking Alkia Saltrates water regularly and taking frequent hot baths in water containing Reudel Bath Saltrates, these being preventive as well as remarkably curative measures. Both preparations are obtainable from any chemist.

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Vol. LXIII APRIL. 1921 No. 4

MISS THOMPSON

By W. Somerset Maugham

CHAPTER I

IT was nearly bed-time and when they awoke next morning land would be in sight.

Dr. Macphail lit his pipe and leaning over the rail searched the heavens for the Southern Cross. After two years at the front and a wound that had taken longer to heal than it should, he was glad to settle down quietly at Apia for twelve months at least, and he felt already better for the journey.

Since some of the passengers were leaving the ship next day at Pago-Pago they had had a little dance that evening and in his ears hammered still the harsh notes of the mechanical piano. But the deck was quiet at last. A little way off he saw his wife in a long chair talking with the Davidsons, and he strolled over to her. When he sat down under the light and took off his hat you saw that he had very red hair, with a bald patch on the crown, and the red, freckled skin which accompanies red hair; he was a man of forty, thin, with a pinched face, precise and rather pedantic and he spoke with a Scotch accent in a very low, quiet voice.

Between the Macphails and the Davidsons, who were missionaries, there had arisen the intimacy of ship-board, which is due to propinquity rather than to any community of taste. Their chief tie was the disapproval they shared of the men who spent their days and nights in the smoking-room playing poker or bridge and drinking. Mrs. Macphail was not a little flattered to think that she and her husband were the only people on board with whom the Davidsons were willing to associate, and even the doctor, shy but no fool, half unconsciously acknowledged the compliment. It was only because he was of an argumentative mind that in their cabin at night he permitted himself to carp.

"Mrs. Davidson was saying she didn't know how they'd have got through the journey if it hadn't been for us," said Mrs. Macphail as she neatly brushed out her transformation. "She said we were really the only people on the ship they cared to know."

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"I shouldn't have thought a missionary was such a big bug that he could afford to put on frills."

"It's not frills. I quite understand what she means. It wouldn't have been very nice for the Davidsons to have to mix with all that rough lot in the smoking-room."

"The founder of their religion wasn't so exclusive," said Dr. Macphail with a chuckle.

"I've asked you over and over again not to joke about religion," answered his wife. "I shouldn't like to have a nature like yours, Alec. You never look for the best in people."

He gave her a sidelong glance with his pale blue eyes, but did not reply. After many years of married life he had learned that it was more conducive to peace to leave his wife with the last word. He was undressed before her, and climbing into the upper bunk he settled down to read himself to sleep.

When he got on deck next morning they were close to the land. They ran along the island, and through his glasses he looked at it with greedy eyes. There was a thin strip of silver beach rising quickly to hills covered to the top with luxuriant vegetation. The cocoanut trees, thick and green, came nearly to the water's edge, and among them you saw the grass houses of the Samoans and here and there, gleaming white, a little church.

Mrs. Davidson came and stood beside him. She was dressed in black and wore round her neck a gold chain, from which dangled a small cross. She was a little woman, with brown, dull hair very elaborately arranged, and she had prominent blue eyes behind gold-rimmed *pince-nez*. Her face was long, like a sheep's, but she gave no impression of foolishness, rather of extreme alertness; she had the quick movements of a bird. The most remarkable thing about her was her voice, high, metallic, and without inflection; it fell on the ear with a hard monotony, irritating to the nerves like the pitiless clamour of a pneumatic drill.

"This must seem like home to you," said Dr. Macphail, with his thin, difficult smile.

"Ours are low islands, you know, not like these. Coral. These are volcanic. We've got another ten days' journey to reach them."

"In these parts that's almost like being in the next street at home," said Dr. Macphail facetiously.

"Well, that's rather an exaggerated way of putting it, but one does look at distances differently in the South Seas. So far you're right."

Dr. Macphail sighed faintly.

"I'm glad we're not stationed here," she went on. "They say this is a terribly difficult place to work in. The steamers touching make the people unsettled and then there's the naval station; that's bad for the natives. In our district we don't have difficulties like that to contend with. There are one or two traders, of course, but we take care to make them behave, and if they don't we make the place so hot for them they're glad to go."

Fixing the glasses on her nose she looked at the green island with a ruthless stare.

"It's almost a hopeless task for the missionaries here. I can never be sufficiently thankful to God that we are at least spared that."

Davidson's district consisted of a group of islands to the North of Samoa; they were widely separated and he had frequently to go long distances by canoe. At these times his wife remained at their headquarters and managed the mission. Dr. Macphail felt his heart sink when he considered the efficiency with which she certainly managed it. She spoke of the depravity of the natives in a voice which nothing could hush, but with a vehemently unctuous horror. Her sense of delicacy was singular. Early in their acquaintance she had said to him:

"You know, their marriage customs when we first settled in the islands were so shocking that I couldn't possibly describe them to you. But I'll tell Mrs. Macphail and she'll tell you."

Then he had seen his wife and Mrs. Davidson, their deck chairs close together, in earnest conversation for about two hours. As he walked past them backwards and forwards for the sake of exercise he heard Mrs. Davidson's agitated whisper, like the distant flow of a mountain torrent, and he saw by his wife's open mouth and pale face that she was enjoying an alarming experience. At night in their cabin she repeated to him with bated breath all she had heard.

"Well, what did I say to you?" cried Mrs. Davidson, exultant next morning. "Did you ever hear anything more dreadful? You don't wonder that I couldn't tell you myself, do you? Even though you are a doctor."

Mrs. Davidson scanned his face. She had a dramatic eagerness to see that she had achieved the desired effect.

"Can you wonder that when we first went there our hearts sank? You'll hardly believe me when I tell you it was impossible to find a single good girl in any of the villages."

She used the word *good* in a severely technical manner.

"Mr. Davidson and I talked it over, and we made up our minds the first thing to do was to put down the dancing. The natives were crazy about dancing."

"I was not averse to it myself when I was a young man," said Dr. Macphail.

"I guessed as much when I heard you ask Mrs. Macphail to have a turn with you last night. I don't think there's any real harm if a man dances with his wife, but I was relieved that she wouldn't. Under the circumstances I thought it better that we should keep ourselves to ourselves."

"Under what circumstances?"

Mrs. Davidson gave him a quick look through her *pince-nez*, but did not answer his question.

"But among white people it's not quite the same," she went on, "though I must say I agree with Mr. Davidson, who says he can't understand how a husband can stand by and see his wife in another man's arms, and as far as I'm concerned I've never danced a step since I married. But the native dancing is quite another matter. It's not only immoral in itself, but it distinctly leads to immorality. However, I'm thankful to God that we stamped it out, and I don't think I'm wrong in saying that no one has danced in our district for eight years."

CHAPTER II

But now they came to the mouth of the harbour and Mrs. Macphail joined them. The ship turned sharply and steamed slowly in. It was a great land-locked harbour big enough to hold a fleet of battleships and all around it rose, high and steep, the green hills. Near the entrance, getting such breeze as blew from the sea, stood the governor's house in a garden. The Stars and Stripes dangled languidly from a flagstaff. They passed two or three trim bungalows, and a tennis court, and then they came to the quay with its warehouses.

Mrs. Davidson pointed out the schooner, moored two or three hundred yards from the side, which was to take them to Apia. There was a crowd of eager, noisy, and good-humoured natives come from all parts of the island, some from curiosity, others to barter with the travellers on their way to Sydney; and they brought pine-apples and huge bunches of bananas, *tapa* cloths, necklaces of shells or sharks' teeth, *kava* bowls, and models of war canoes. American sailors, neat and trim, clean-shaven and frank of face, sauntered among them, and there was a little group of officials.

While their luggage was being landed the Macphails and Mrs. Davidson watched the crowd. Dr. Macphail looked at the yaws from which most of the children and the young boys seemed to suffer, disfiguring acres like torpid ulcers, and his professional eyes glistened when he saw for the first time in his experience cases of elephantiasis, men going about with a huge, heavy arm or dragging along a

grossly disfigured leg. Men and women wore the *lava-lava*.

"It's a very indecent costume," said Mrs. Davidson.

"Mr. Davidson thinks it should be prohibited by law. How can you expect people to be moral when they wear nothing but a strip of red cotton round their loins?"

"It's suitable enough to the climate," said the doctor, wiping the sweat off his head.

Now that they were on land the heat, though it was so early in the morning, was already oppressive. Closed in by its hills, not a breath of air came in to Pago-Pago.

"In our islands," Mrs. Davidson went on in her high-pitched tones, "we've practically eradicated the *lava-lava*. A few old men still continue to wear it, but that's all. The women have all taken to the Mother Hubbard, and the men wear trousers and singlets. At the very beginning of our stay Mr. Davidson said in one of his reports: 'The inhabitants of these islands will never be thoroughly Christianized till every boy of more than ten years is made to wear a pair of trousers.'"

But Mrs. Davidson had given two or three of her birdlike glances at heavy gray clouds that came floating over the mouth of the harbour. A few drops began to fall.

"We'd better take shelter," she said.

They made their way with all the crowd to a great shed of corrugated iron, and the rain began to fall in torrents. They stood there for some time and then were joined by Mr. Davidson. He had been polite enough to the Macphails during the journey, but he had not his wife's sociability, and had spent most of his time reading. He was a silent, rather sullen man, and you felt that his affability was a duty that he imposed upon himself Christianly; he was by nature reserved and even morose.

His appearance was singular. He was very tall and thin, with long limbs loosely jointed; hollow cheeks and curiously high cheek-bones; he had so cadaverous an air that it surprised you to notice how full and sensual were his lips. He wore his hair very long. His dark eyes, set deep in their sockets, were large and tragic; and his hands, with their big, long fingers, were finely shaped; they gave him a look of great strength. But the most striking thing about him was the feeling he gave you of suppressed fire. It was impressive and vaguely troubling. He was not a man with whom any intimacy was possible.

He brought now unwelcome news. There was an epidemic of measles, a serious and often fatal disease among the Kanakas, on the island, and a case had developed among the crew of the schooner which was to take them on their journey. The sick man had been brought ashore and put in hospital on the quarantine station, but telegraphic instructions had been sent from Apia to say that the schooner would not be allowed to enter the harbour till it was certain no other member of the crew was affected.

"It means we shall have to stay here for ten days at least."

"But I'm urgently needed at Apia," said Dr. Macphail.

"That can't be helped. If no more cases develop on board, the schooner will be allowed to sail with white passengers, but all native traffic is prohibited for three months."

"Is there an hotel here?" asked Mrs. Macphail.

Davidson gave a low chuckle.

"There's not."

"What shall we do then?"

"I've been talking to the governor. There's a trader along the front who has rooms that he lets, and my proposition is that as soon as the rain lets up we should go along there and see what we can do. Don't expect comfort. You've just got to be thankful if we get a bed to sleep on and a roof over our heads."

But the rain showed no signs of stopping, and at length with umbrellas and waterproofs they set out. There was no town, but merely a group of

official buildings, a store or two, and at the back, among the cocoanut trees and plantains, a few native dwellings. The house they sought was about five minutes' walk from the wharf. It was a frame house of two stories, with broad verandahs on both floors and a roof of corrugated iron.

The owner was a half-caste named Horn, with a native wife surrounded by little brown children, and on the ground floor he had a store where he sold canned goods and cottons. The rooms he showed them were almost bare of furniture. In the Macphails' there was nothing but a poor, worn bed with a ragged mosquito net, a rickety chair and a washstand. They looked around with dismay. The rain poured down without ceasing.

"I'm not going to unpack more than we actually need," said Mrs. Macphail.

Mrs. Davidson came into the room as she was unlocking a portmanteau. She was very brisk and alert. The cheerless surroundings had no effect on her.

"If you'll take my advice you'll get a needle and cotton and start right in to mend the mosquito net," she said, "or you'll not be able to get a wink of sleep to-night."

"Will they be very bad?" asked Dr. Macphail.

"This is the season for them. When you're asked to a party at Government House at Apia you'll notice that all the ladies are given a pillow slip to put their—lower extremities in."

"I wish the rain would stop for a moment," said Mrs. Macphail. "I could try to make the place comfortable with more heart if the sun were shining."

"Oh, if you wait for that, you'll wait a long time. Pago-Pago is about the rainiest place in the Pacific. You see, the hills, and that bay, they attract the water, and one expects rain at this time of year anyway."

She looked from Macphail to his wife, standing helplessly in different parts of the room, like lost souls, and she pursed her lips. She saw that she must take them in hand. Feckless people like that made her impatient, but her hands itched to put everything in the order which came so naturally to her.

"Here, you give me a needle and cotton and I'll mend that net of yours while you go on with your unpacking. Dinner's at one. Dr. Macphail, you'd better go down to the wharf and see that your heavy luggage has been put in a dry place. You know what these natives are. They're quite capable of storing it where the rain will beat in on it all the time."

Macphail put on his waterproof again and went downstairs. At the door the trader was standing in conversation with the quartermaster of the ship he had just arrived in and a second-class passenger whom he had seen several times on board. The quartermaster, a little, shrivelled man, extremely dirty, nodded to him as he passed.

"This is a bad job about the measles, doc," he said. "I see you've fixed yourself up already."

Dr. Macphail thought he was rather familiar, but he was a timid man and he did not take offence easily.

"Yes, we've got a room upstairs."

"Miss Thompson was sailing with you to Apia, so I've brought her along here."

The quartermaster pointed with his thumb to the woman standing by his side. She was twenty-seven perhaps, plump, and in a coarse fashion pretty. She wore a white dress and a large white hat. Her fat calves in white cotton stockings bulged over the tops of long white boots in glacé kid. She gave Macphail an ingratiating smile.

"The feller's tryin' to soak me a dollar and a half a day for the meanest sized room," she said in a hoarse voice.

"I tell you she's a friend of mine, Jo," said the quartermaster. "She can't pay more than a dollar, and you've sure got to take her for that."

The trader was fat and smooth and quietly smiling.

"Well, if you put it like that, Mr. Swan, I'll see what I can do about it. I'll talk to Mrs. Horn and if we think we can make a reduction we will."

"Don't try to pull that stuff with me," said Miss Thompson. "We'll settle this

right now. You get a dollar a day for the room and not one bean more."

Dr. Macphail smiled. He admired the effrontery with which she bargained. He was the sort of man who always paid what he was asked. He preferred to be overcharged than to haggle. The trader sighed.

"Well, to oblige Mr. Swan I'll take it."

"That's the goods," said Miss Thompson. "Come right in and have a shot of hooch. I've got some real good rye in that grip if you'll bring it along, Mr. Swan. You come along too, doctor."

"Oh, I don't think I will, thank you," he answered. "I'm just going down to see that our luggage is all right."

He stepped out into the rain. It swept in from the opening of the harbour in sheets and the opposite shore was all blurred. He passed two or three natives clad in nothing but the *lava-lava*, with huge umbrellas over them. They walked finely, with leisurely movements, very upright; and they smiled and greeted him in a strange tongue as they went by.

It was nearly dinner time when he got back, and their meal was laid in the trader's parlour. It was a room designed not to live in but for purposes of prestige, and it had a musty, melancholy air. A suite of stamped velvet was arranged neatly round the walls, and from the middle of the ceiling, protected from the flies by yellow tissue paper, hung a gilt chandelier. Davidson did not come.

"I know he went to call on the governor," said Mrs. Davidson, "and I guess he's kept him to dinner."

A little native girl brought them a dish of Hamburger steak, and after a while the trader came up to see that they had everything they wanted.

"I see we have a fellow lodger, Mr. Horn," said Dr. Macphail.

"She's taken a room, that's all," answered the trader. "She's getting her own board."

He looked at the two ladies with an obsequious air.

"I put her downstairs so that she shouldn't be in the way. She won't be any trouble to you."

"Is it someone who was on the boat?" asked Mrs. Macphail.

"Yes, ma'am, she was in the second cabin. She was going to Apia. She has a position as cashier waiting for her."

"Oh!"

When the trader was gone Macphail said:

"I shouldn't think she'd find it exactly cheerful having her meals in her room."

"If she was in the second cabin I expect she'd rather," answered Mrs. Davidson. "I don't exactly know who it can be."

"I happened to be there when the quartermaster brought her along. Her name's Thompson."

"It's not the woman who was dancing with the quartermaster last night?" asked Mrs. Davidson.

"That's who it must be," said Mrs. Macphail. "I wondered at the time what she was. She looked rather fast to me."

"Not good style at all," said Mrs. Davidson.

CHAPTER III

THEY began to talk of other things, and after dinner, tired with their early rise, they separated and slept. When they awoke, though the sky was still gray and the clouds hung low, it was not raining and they went for a walk on the high road which the Americans had built along the bay.

On their return they found that Davidson had just come in.

"We may be here for a fortnight," he said irritably. "I've argued it out with the governor, but he says there is nothing to be done."

"Mr. Davidson's just longing to get back to his work," said his wife with an anxious glance at him.

"We've been away for a year," he said, walking up and down the verandah. "The mission has been in charge of native missionaries and I'm terribly nervous that they've let things slide. They're good men, I'm not saying a

word against them, God-fearing, devout and truly Christian men—their Christianity would put many so-called Christians at home to the blush—but they're pitifully lacking in energy. They can make a stand once, they can make a stand twice, but they can't make a stand all the time. If you leave a mission in charge of a native missionary, no matter how trustworthy he seems, in the course of time you'll find he's let abuses creep in."

Mr. Davidson stood still. With his tall, spare form, and his great eyes flashing out of his pale face, he was an impressive figure. His sincerity was obvious in the fire of his gestures and in his deep, ringing voice.

"I expect to have my work cut out for me. I shall act and I shall act promptly. If the tree is rotten it shall be cut down and cast into the flames."

And in the evening after the high tea which was their last meal, while they sat in the stiff parlour, the ladies working and Dr. Macphail smoking his pipe, the missionary told them of his work in the islands.

"When we went there they had no sense of sin at all," he said. "They broke the commandments one after the other and never knew they were doing wrong. And I think that was the most difficult part of my work to instil into the natives the sense of sin."

The Macphails knew already that Davidson had worked in the Solomons for five years before he met his wife. She had been a missionary in China, and they had become acquainted in Boston, where they were both spending part of their leave to attend a missionary congress. On their marriage they had been appointed to the islands in which they had laboured ever since.

In the course of all the conversations they had had with Mr. Davidson one thing had shone out clearly and that was the man's unflinching courage. He was a medical missionary, and he was liable to be called at any time to one or other of the islands in the group. Even the whale boat is not so very safe a conveyance in the stormy Pacific of the wet season, but often he would be sent for in a canoe and then the danger was great. In cases of illness or accident he never hesitated. A dozen times he had spent the whole night baling for his life, and more than once Mrs. Davidson had given him up for lost.

"I'd beg him not to go sometimes," she said, "or at least to wait till the weather was more settled, but he'd never listen. He's obstinate, and when he's once made up his mind, nothing can move him."

"How can I ask the natives to put their trust in the Lord if I am afraid to do so myself?" cried Davidson. "And I'm not, I'm not. They know that if they send for me in their trouble, I'll come if it's humanly possible. And do you think the Lord is going to abandon me when I am on His business? The wind blows at His bidding and the waves toss and rage at His word."

Dr. Macphail was a timid man. He had never been able to get used to the hurtling of the shells over the trenches, and when he was operating in an advanced dressing station the sweat poured from his brow and dimmed his spectacles in the effort he made to control his unsteady hand. He shuddered a little as he looked at the missionary.

"I wish I could say that I've never been afraid," he said.

"I wish you could say that you believed in God," retorted the other.

But for some reason, that evening the missionary's thoughts travelled back to the early days he and his wife had spent on the islands.

"Sometimes Mrs. Davidson and I would look at one another and the tears stream down our cheeks. We worked without ceasing, day and night, and we seemed to make no progress. I don't know what I should have done without her then. When I felt my heart sink, when I was very near despair, she gave me courage and hope."

Mrs. Davidson looked down at her work, and a slight colour rose to her thin cheeks. Her hands trembled a little. She did not trust herself to speak.

"We had no one to help us. We were alone, thousands of miles from any of our own people, surrounded by darkness. When I was broken and weary she would put her work aside and take the Bible and read to me till peace came and settled upon me like sleep upon the eyelids of a child, and when at last she closed the book she'd say: 'We'll save them in spite of themselves.' And I felt strong again in the Lord and I answered, 'Yes, with God's help I'll save them. I *must* save them.'"

He came over to the table and stood in front of it as though it were a lectern.

"You see, they were so naturally depraved that they couldn't be brought to see their wickedness. We had to make sins out of what they thought were natural actions. We had to make it a sin, not only to commit adultery and to lie and thieve, but to expose their bodies, and to dance and not to come to church. I made it a sin for a girl to show her bosom and a sin for a man not to wear trousers."

"How?" asked Dr. Macphail, not without surprise.

"I instituted fines. Obviously the only way to make people realize that an action is sinful is to punish them if they commit it. I fined them if they didn't come to church, and I fined them if they danced. I fined them if they were improperly dressed. I had a tariff, and every sin had to be paid for, either in money or work. And at last I made them understand."

"But did they never refuse to pay?"

"How could they?" asked the missionary.

"It would be a brave man who tried to stand up against Mr. Davidson," said his wife, tightening her lips.

Dr. Macphail looked at Davidson with troubled eyes. What he heard shocked him, but he hesitated to express his disapproval.

"You must remember that in the last resort I could expel them from their church membership."

"Did they mind that?"

Davidson smiled a little and gently rubbed his hands.

"They couldn't sell their copra. When the men fished they got no share of the catch. It meant something very like starvation. Yes, they minded quite a lot."

"Tell him about Fred Ohlson," said Mrs. Davidson.

The missionary fixed his fiery eyes on Dr. Macphail.

"Fred Ohlson was a Danish trader who had been in the islands a good many years. He was a pretty rich man as traders go and he wasn't very pleased when we came. You see, he'd had things very much his own way. He paid the natives what he liked for their copra, and he paid in goods and whisky. He had a native wife, but he was flagrantly unfaithful to her. He was a drunkard. I gave him a chance to mend his ways, but he wouldn't take it. He laughed at me."

Davidson's voice fell to a deep bass as he said the last words, and he was silent for a minute or two. The silence was heavy with menace.

"In two years he was a ruined man. He'd lost everything he'd saved in a quarter of a century. I broke him, and at last he was forced to come to me like a beggar and beseech me to give him a passage back to Sydney."

"I wish you could have seen him when he came to see Mr. Davidson," said the missionary's wife. "He had been a fine powerful man, with a lot of fat on him, and he had a great big voice, but now he was half the size, and he was shaking all over. He'd suddenly become an old man."

With abstracted gaze Davidson looked out into the night. The rain was falling again.

Suddenly from below came a sound, and Davidson turned and looked questioningly at his wife. It was the sound of a gramophone, harsh and loud, wheezing out a syncopated tune.

"What's that?" he asked.

Mrs. Davidson fixed her *pince-nez* more firmly on her nose.

"One of the second-class passengers has a room in the house. I guess it comes from there."

They listened in silence, and presently they heard the sound of dancing. Then the music stopped, and they heard the popping of corks and voices raised in animated conversation.

"I dare say she's giving a farewell party to her friends on board," said Dr. Macphail. "The ship sails at twelve, doesn't it?"

Davidson made no remark, but he looked at his watch.

"Are you ready?" he asked his wife.

She got up and folded her work.

"Yes, I guess I am," she answered.

"It's early to go to bed yet, isn't it?" said the doctor.

"We have a good deal of reading to do," explained Mrs. Davidson. "Wherever we are, we read a chapter of the Bible before retiring for the night and we study it with the commentaries, you know, and discuss it thoroughly. It's a wonderful training for the mind."

The two couples bade one another good-night. Dr. and Mrs. Macphail were left alone. For two or three minutes they did not speak.

"I think I'll go and fetch the cards," the doctor said at last.

Mrs. Macphail looked at him doubtfully. Her conversation with the Davidsons had left her a little uneasy, but she did not like to say that she thought they had better not play cards when the Davidsons might come in at any moment. Dr. Macphail brought them and she watched him though with a vague sense of guilt, while he laid out his patience. Below the sound of revelry continued.

CHAPTER IV

It was fine enough next day, and the Macphails, condemned to spend a fortnight of idleness at Pago-Pago, set about making the best of things.

They went down to the quay and got out of their boxes a number of books. The doctor called on the chief surgeon of the naval hospital and went round the beds with him. They left cards on the governor. They passed Miss Thompson on the road. The doctor took off his hat, and she gave him a "Good morning, doc!" in a loud, cheerful voice. She was dressed as on the previous day in a white frock, and her shiny white boots with their high heels, her fat legs bulging over the tops of them, were strange things in that primitive landscape.

"I don't think she's very suitably dressed, I must say," said Mrs. Macphail. "She looks extremely common to me."

When they got back to their house she was on the verandah playing with one of the trader's dark children.

"Say a word to her," Dr. Macphail whispered to his wife. "She's all alone here, and it seems rather unkind to ignore her."

Mrs. Macphail was shy, but she was in the habit of doing what her husband bade her.

"I think we're fellow lodgers here," she said, rather foolishly.

"Terrible, ain't it? Bein' cooped up in a one-horse place like this," answered Miss Thompson. "And they tell me I'm lucky to have gotten a room. I don't see myself livin' in a native house, and that's what some have to do. I don't know why they don't have an hotel."

They exchanged a few more words. Miss Thompson, loud-voiced and garrulous, was evidently quite willing to gossip, but Mrs. Macphail had a poor stock of small talk and presently she said:

"Well, I think we must go upstairs."

In the evening, when they sat down to their high tea, Davidson on coming in said:

"I see that woman downstairs has a couple of sailors sitting there. I wonder how's she gotten acquainted with them."

"She can't be very particular," said Mrs. Davidson.

They were all rather tired after the idle, aimless day.

"If there's going to be a fortnight of this I don't know what we shall feel like at the end of it," said Dr. Macphail.

"The only thing to do is to portion out the day to different activities," answered the missionary. "I shall set aside a cer-

tain number of hours to study and a certain number to exercise, rain or fine —in the wet season you can't afford to pay any attention to the rain—and a certain number to recreation."

Dr. Macphail looked at his companion with misgiving. Davidson's programme oppressed him. They were eating Hamburger steak again. It seemed the only dish the cook knew how to make. Then below the gramophone began. Davidson started nervously when he heard it, but said nothing. Men's voices floated up. Miss Thompson's guests were joining in a well-known song and presently they heard her voice too, hoarse and loud. There was a good deal of shouting and laughing. The four people upstairs, trying to make conversation, listened despite themselves to the clink of glasses and the scrape of chairs. More people had evidently come. Miss Thompson was giving a party.

"I wonder how she gets them all in," said Mrs. Macphail, suddenly breaking into a medical conversation between the missionary and her husband.

It showed whither her thoughts were wandering. The twitch of Davidson's face proved that, though he spoke of scientific things, his mind was busy in the same direction. Suddenly, while the doctor was giving some experience of practice on the Flanders front, rather prosily, he sprang to his feet with a cry.

"What's the matter, Alfred?" asked Mrs. Davidson.

"Of course! It never occurred to me. She's out of Iwelei."

"She can't be."

"She came on board at Honolulu. It's obvious. And she's carrying on her trade here. Here!"

He uttered the last word with a passion of indignation.

"What's Iwelei?" asked Mrs. Macphail.

He turned his gloomy eyes on her and his voice trembled with horror.

"The plague spot of Honolulu. The Red Light district. It was a blot on our civilization."

Iwelei was on the edge of the city. You went down side streets by the harbour, in the darkness, across a rickety bridge till you came to a deserted road, all ruts and holes, and then suddenly you came out into the light. There was parking room for motors on each side of the road, and there were saloons, tawdry and bright, each one noisy with its mechanical piano, and there were barber-shops and tobacconists. There was a stir in the air and a sense of expectant gaiety.

You turned down a narrow alley, either to the right or to the left, for the road divided Iwelei into two parts, and you found yourself in the district. There were rows of little bungalows, trim and neatly painted in green, and the pathway between them was broad and straight. It was laid out like a garden city. In its respectable regularity, its order and spruceness, it gave an impression of sardonic horror; for never can the search for love have been so systematized and ordered. The pathways were lit by a rare lamp, but they would have been dark except for the lights that came from the open windows of the bungalows.

Men wandered about, looking at the women who sat at their windows, reading or sewing, for the most part taking no notice of the passers-by; and like the women they were of all nationalities. There were Americans, sailors from the ships in port, enlisted men off the gunboats, sombrely drunk, and soldiers from the regiments, white and black, quartered on the island; there were Japanese, walking in twos and threes; Hawaiians, Chinese in long robes, and Filipinos in preposterous hats. They were silent and as it were oppressed. Desire is sad.

"It was the most crying scandal of the Pacific," exclaimed Davidson vehemently. "The missionaries had been agitating against it for years, and at last the local press took it up. The police refused to stir. You know their argument. They say that vice is inevitable and consequently the best thing is to localize and control it. The truth is, they were paid. Paid. They were paid by the saloon-keepers, paid by the bul-

lies, paid by the women themselves. At last they were forced to move."

"I read about it in the papers that came on board in Honolulu," said Dr. Macphail.

"Iwelei, with its sin and shame, ceased to exist on the very day we arrived. The whole population was brought before the justices. I don't know why I didn't understand at once what that woman was."

"Now you come to speak of it," said Mrs. Macphail, "I remember seeing her come on board only a few minutes before the boat sailed. I remember thinking at the time she was cutting it rather fine."

"How dare she come here!" cried Davidson indignantly. "I'm not going to allow it."

He strode towards the door.

"What are you going to do?" asked Macphail.

"What do you expect me to do? I'm going to stop it. I'm not going to have this house turned into—into . . ." He sought for a word that should not offend the ladies' ears. His eyes were flashing and his pale face was paler still in his emotion.

"It sounds as though there were three or four men down there," said the doctor. "Don't you think it's rather rash to go in just now?"

The missionary gave him a contemptuous look and without a word flung out of the room.

"You know Mr. Davidson very little if you think the fear of personal danger can stop him in the performance of his duty," said his wife.

She sat with her hands nervously clasped, a spot of colour on her high cheek bones, listening to what was about to happen below. They all listened.

They heard him clatter down the wooden stairs and throw open the door. The singing stopped suddenly, but the gramophone continued to bray out its vulgar tune. They heard Davidson's voice and then the noise of something heavy falling. The music stopped. He had hurled the gramophone on the floor. Then again they heard Davidson's voice, they could not make out the words, then Miss Thompson's, loud and shrill, then a confused clamour as though several people were shouting together at the top of their lungs.

Mrs. Davidson gave a little gasp, and she clenched her hands more tightly. Dr. Macphail looked uncertainly from her to his wife. He did not want to go down, but he wondered if they expected him to. Then there was something that sounded like a scuffle. The noise now was more distinct. It might be that Davidson was being thrown out of the room. The door was slammed. There was a moment's silence and they heard Davidson come up the stairs again. He went to his room.

"I think I'll go to him," said Mrs. Davidson.

She got up and went out.

"If you want me, just call," said Mrs. Macphail, and then when the other was gone: "I hope he isn't hurt."

"Why couldn't he mind his own business?" said Dr. Macphail.

They sat in silence for a minute or two and then they both started, for the gramophone began to play once more, defiantly, and mocking voices shouted hoarsely the words of an obscene song.

CHAPTER V

NEXT day Mrs. Davidson was pale and tired. She complained of headache, and she looked old and wizened. She told Mrs. Macphail that the missionary had not slept at all. He had passed the night in a state of frightful agitation and at five had got up and gone out. A glass of beer had been thrown over him and his clothes were stained and stinking. But a sombre fire glowed in Mrs. Davidson's eyes when she spoke of Miss Thompson.

"She'll bitterly rue the day when she flouted Mr. Davidson," she said. "Mr. Davidson has a wonderful heart and no one who is in trouble has ever gone to him without being comforted, but he has no mercy for sin, and when his righteous wrath is excited he's terrible."

"Why, what will he do?" asked Mrs. Macphail.

"I don't know, but I wouldn't stand in that creature's shoes for anything in the world."

Mrs. Macphail shuddered. There was something positively alarming in the triumphant assurance of the little woman's manner. They were going out together that morning, and they went down the stairs side by side. Miss Thompson's door was open, and they saw her in a bedraggled dressing-gown, cooking something in a chafing-dish.

"Good morning," she called. "Is Mr. Davidson better this morning?"

They passed her in silence, with their noses in the air, as if she did not exist. They flushed, however, when she burst into a shout of derisive laughter. Mrs. Davidson turned on her suddenly.

"Don't you dare to speak to me," she screamed. "If you insult me I shall have you turned out of here."

"Say, did I ask Mr. Davidson to call on me?"

"Don't answer her," whispered Mrs. Macphail hurriedly.

They walked on till they were out of earshot.

"She's brazen, brazen!" burst from Mrs. Davidson.

Her anger almost suffocated her.

And on their way home they met her strolling toward the quay. She had all her finery on. Her great white hat with its vulgar, showy flowers was an affront. She called out cheerily to them as she went by, and a couple of American sailors who were standing there grinned as the ladies set their faces to an icy stare. They got in just before the rain began to fall again.

"I guess she'll get her fine clothes spoilt," said Mrs. Davidson with a bitter sneer.

Davidson did not come in till they were half-way through dinner. He was wet through, but he would not change. He sat, morose and silent, refusing to eat more than a mouthful, and he stared at the slanting rain. When Mrs. Davidson told him of their two encounters with Miss Thompson he did not answer. His deepening frown alone showed that he had heard.

"Don't you think we ought to make Mr. Horn turn her out of here?" asked Mrs. Davidson. "We can't allow her to insult us."

"There doesn't seem to be any other place for her to go," said Macphail.

"She can live with one of the natives."

"In weather like this a native hut must be a rather uncomfortable place to live in."

"I lived in one for years," said the missionary.

When the little native girl brought in the fried bananas which formed the sweet they had every day, Davidson turned to her.

"Ask Miss Thompson when it would be convenient for me to see her," he said.

The girl nodded shyly and went out.

"What do you want to see her for, Alfred?" asked his wife.

"It's my duty to see her. I won't act till I've given her every chance."

"You don't know what she is. She'll insult you."

"Let her insult me. Let her spit on me. She has an immortal soul, and I must do all that is in my power to save it."

Mrs. Davidson's ears rang still with the harlot's mocking laughter.

"She's gone too far."

"Too far for the mercy of God?" His eyes lit up suddenly and his voice grew mellow and soft. "Never. The sinner may be deeper in sin than the depth of hell itself, but the love of the Lord Jesus can reach him still."

The girl came back with the message. "Miss Thompson's compliments and as long as Rev. Davidson don't come in business hours she'll be glad to see him at any time."

The party received the message in stony silence, and Dr. Macphail quickly effaced from his lips the smile which had come upon them. He knew his wife would be vexed with him if he

found Miss Thompson's effrontery amusing.

They finished the meal in silence. When it was over the two ladies got up and took their work—Mrs. Macphail was making another of the innumerable comforters which she had turned out since the beginning of the war, and the doctor lit his pipe. But Davidson remained in his chair and with abstracted eyes stared at the table.

At last he got up and without a word went out of the room. They heard him go down and they heard Miss Thompson's defiant "come in" when he knocked at the door. He remained with her for an hour. And Dr. Macphail watched the rain. It was beginning to get on his nerves. It was not like the soft English rain that drops gently on the earth, it was unmerciful and somehow terrible; you felt in it the malignancy of the primitive powers of nature. It did not pour, it flowed. It was like a deluge from heaven, and it rattled on the roof of corrugated iron with a steady persistence that was maddening. It seemed to have a fury of its own. And sometimes you felt that you must scream if it did not stop, and then suddenly you felt powerless, as though your bones had suddenly become soft, and you were miserable and hopeless.

Macphail turned his head when the missionary came back. The two women looked up.

"I've given her every chance. I have exhorted her to repent. She is an evil woman."

He paused, and Dr. Macphail saw his eyes darken and his pale face grow hard and stern.

"Now I shall take the whips with which the Lord Jesus drove the usurers and the money changers out of the temple of the Most High.

He walked up and down the room. His mouth was close set, and his black brows were frowning.

"If she fled to the uttermost parts of the earth I should pursue her."

With a sudden movement he turned round and strode out of the room. They heard him go downstairs again.

"What is he going to do?" asked Mrs. Macphail.

"I don't know." Mrs. Davidson took off her *pince-nez* and wiped them. "When he is on the Lord's work I never ask him questions."

She sighed a little.

"What is the matter?"

"He'll wear himself out. He doesn't know what it is to spare himself."

Dr. Macphail learnt the first results of the missionary's activity from the half-caste trader in whose house they lodged. He stopped the doctor when he passed the store and came out to speak to him on the stoop. His fat face was worried.

"The Rev. Davidson has been at me for letting Miss Thompson have a room here," he said, "but I didn't know what she was when I rented it to her. When people come and ask if I can rent them a room all I want to know is if they've the money to pay for it. And she paid me for hers a week in advance."

Dr. Macphail did not want to commit himself.

"When all's said and done it's your house. We're very much obliged to you for taking us in at all."

Horn looked at him doubtfully. He was not certain yet how definitely Macphail stood on the missionary's side.

"The missionaries are in with one another," he said hesitatingly.

"If they get down on a trader he may just as well shut up his store and quit."

"Did he want you to turn her out?"

"No, he said so long as she behaved herself he couldn't ask me to do that. He said he wanted to be just to me. I promised she wouldn't have no more visitors. I've just been and told her."

"How did she take it?"

"She gave me hell."

The trader squirmed in his old ducks. He had found Miss Thompson a rough customer.

"Oh, well, I daresay she'll get out. I don't suppose she wants to stay here if she can't have anyone in."

"There's nowhere she can go, only a native house, and no native'll take her

now, now that the missionaries have got their knife in her."

Dr. Macphail looked at the falling rain.

"Well, I don't suppose it's any good waiting for it to clear up."

In the evening when they sat in the parlour Davidson talked to them of his early days at college. He had had no means and had worked his way through by doing odd jobs during the vacations. There was silence downstairs. Miss Thompson was sitting in her little room alone.

But suddenly the gramophone began to play. She had set it on in defiance to cheat her loneliness, but there was no one to sing, and it had a melancholy note. It was like a cry for help. Davidson took no notice. He was in the middle of a long anecdote and without change of expression he went on. The gramophone continued. Miss Thompson put on one record after another. It looked as if the silence of the night were getting on her nerves. It was breathless and sultry. When the Macphails went to bed they could not sleep. They lay side by side with their eyes wide open, listening to the cruel singing of the mosquitoes outside their curtain.

"What's that?" whispered Mrs. Macphail at last.

They heard a voice, Davidson's voice, through the wooden partition. It went on with a monotonous, earnest insistence. He was praying aloud. He was praying for the soul of Miss Thompson.

CHAPTER VI

Two or three days went by. Now when they passed Miss Thompson on the road she did not greet them with ironic cordiality or smile; she passed with her nose in the air, a sulky look on her painted face, frowning, as though she did not see them. The trader told Macphail that she had tried to get lodging elsewhere, but had failed.

In the evening she played through the various records of her gramophone, but the pretence of mirth was obvious now. The ragtime had a cracked, heartbroken rhythm as though it were a one-step of despair. When she began to play on Sunday Davidson sent Horn to beg her to stop at once since it was the Lord's Day. The record was taken off and the house was silent except for the steady pattering of the rain on the iron roof.

"I think she's getting a bit wrought up," said the trader next day to Macphail. "She don't know what Mr. Davidson's up to and it makes her scared."

Macphail had caught a glimpse of her that morning and it struck him that her arrogant expression had changed. There was in her face a hunted look. The half-caste gave him a sidelong glance.

"I suppose you don't know what Mr. Davidson is doing about it?" he hazarded.

"No, I don't."

It was singular that Horn should ask him that question, for he also had the idea that the missionary was mysteriously at work. He had an impression that he was weaving a net around the woman, carefully, systematically, and that suddenly, when everything was ready, he would pull the strings tight.

"He told me to tell her," said the trader, "that if at any time she wanted him she only had to send and he'd come."

"What did she say when you told her that?"

"She didn't say nothing. I didn't stop. I just said what he said I was to and then I beat it. I thought she might be going to start blubberin'."

"I have no doubt the loneliness is getting on her nerves," said the doctor.

"And the rain—that's enough to make anyone jumpy," he continued irritably. "Doesn't it ever stop in this confounded place?"

"It goes on pretty steady in the rainy season. We have three hundred inches in the year. You see, it's the shape of the bay. It seems to attract the rain from all over the Pacific."

"Damn the shape of the bay," said the doctor.

He scratched his mosquito bites. He felt very short-tempered. When the

rain stopped and the sun shone, it was like a hot-house, seething, humid, sultry, breathless, and you had a strange feeling that everything was growing with a savage violence. The natives, blithe and childlike by reputation, seemed then, with their tattooing and their dyed hair, to have something sinister in their appearance; and when they pattered along at your heels with their naked feet you looked back instinctively. You felt they might at any moment come behind you swiftly and thrust a long knife between your shoulder-blades. You could not tell what dark thoughts lurked behind their wide-set eyes. They had a little the look of ancient Egyptians painted on a temple wall, and there was about them the terror of what is immeasurably old.

The missionary came and went. He was busy, but the Macphails did not know what he was doing. Horn told the doctor that he saw the governor every day, and once Davidson mentioned him.

"He looks as if he had plenty of determination," he said, "but when you come down to brass tacks he has no backbone."

"I suppose that means he won't do exactly what you want," suggested the doctor facetiously.

The missionary did not smile.

"I want him to do what's right. It shouldn't be necessary to persuade a man to do that."

"But there may be differences of opinion about what is right."

"If a man had a gangrenous foot would you have patience with anyone who hesitated to amputate it?"

"Gangrene is a matter of fact."

"And Evil?"

What Davidson had done soon appeared. The four of them had just finished their midday meal, and they had not yet separated for the siesta which the heat imposed on the ladies and on the doctor. Davidson had little patience with the slothful habit. The door was suddenly flung open and Miss Thompson came in. She looked round the room and then went up to Davidson.

"You low down skunk, what have you been saying about me to the governor?"

She was spluttering with rage. There was a moment's pause. Then the missionary drew forward a chair.

"Won't you be seated, Miss Thompson? I've been hoping to have another talk with you."

"You poor low-life bastard!"

She burst into a torrent of insult, foul and insolent. Davidson kept his grave eyes on her.

"I'm indifferent to the abuse you think fit to heap on me, Miss Thompson," he said, "but I must beg you to remember that ladies are present."

Tears by now were struggling with her anger. Her face was red and swollen as though she were choking.

"What has happened?" asked Dr. Macphail.

"A feller's just been in here and he says I gotter beat it on the next boat."

Was there a gleam in the missionary's eyes? His face remained impassive.

"You could hardly expect him to let you stay here under the circumstances."

"You done it!" she shrieked. "You can't kid me. You done it!"

"I don't want to deceive you. I urged the governor to take the only possible step consistent with his obligations."

"Why couldn't ye leave me be? I wasn't doin' you no harm."

"You may be sure that if you had I should be the last man to resent it."

"Do you think I want to stay on in this poor imitation of a burg? I don't look no busher, do I?"

"In that case I don't see what cause of complaint you have," he answered.

She gave an inarticulate cry of rage and flung out of the room. There was a short silence.

"It's a relief to know that the governor has acted at last," said Davidson finally. "He's a weak man and he shilly-shallied. He said she was only here for a fortnight anyway, and if she went on to Apia that was under British jurisdiction and had nothing to do with him."

The missionary sprang to his feet and strode across the room.

"It's terrible the way the men who are in authority seek to evade their responsibility. They speak as though evil that was out of sight ceased to be evil. The very existence of that woman is a scandal, and it does not help matters to shift it to another of the islands. In the end I had to speak straight from the shoulder."

Davidson's brow lowered, and he protruded his firm chin. He looked fierce and determined.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Our mission is not entirely without influence at Washington. I pointed out to the governor that it wouldn't do him any good if there was a complaint about the way he managed things here."

"When has she got to go?" asked the doctor, after a pause.

"The San Francisco boat is due here from Sydney next Tuesday. She's to sail on that."

CHAPTER VII

THAT was in five days' time. It was next day, when he was coming back from the hospital where, for want of something better to do, Macphail spent most of his mornings, that the half-caste stopped him as he was going upstairs.

"Excuse me, Dr. Macphail, Miss Thompson's sick. Will you have a look at her?"

"Certainly."

Horn led him to her room. She was sitting in a chair idly, neither reading nor sewing, staring in front of her. She wore her white dress and the large hat with the flowers on it. Macphail noticed that her skin was yellow and muddy under her powder, and her eyes were heavy.

"I'm sorry to hear you're not well," he said.

"Oh, I ain't sick really. I just said that, because I just had to see you. I've got to clear on a boat that's going to Frisco."

She looked at him and he saw that her eyes were suddenly startled. She opened and clenched her hands spasmodically. The trader stood at the door, listening.

"So I understand," said the doctor.

She gave a little gulp.

"I guess it ain't very convenient for me to go to Frisco just now. I went to see the governor yesterday afternoon, but I couldn't get to him. I saw the secretary, and he told me I'd got to take that boat and that was all there was to it. I just had to see the governor, so I waited outside his house this morning, and when he come out I spoke to him. He didn't want to speak to me, I'll say, but I wouldn't let him shake me off, and at last he said he hadn't no objection to my staying here till the next boat to Sydney if the Rev. Davidson will stand for it."

She stopped and looked at Dr. Macphail anxiously.

"I don't know exactly what I can do," he said.

"Well, I thought maybe you wouldn't mind asking him. I swear to God I won't start anything here if he'll just only let me stay. I won't go out of the house if that'll suit him. It's no more'n a fortnight."

"I'll ask him."

"He won't stand for it," said Horn. "He'll have you out on Tuesday, so you may as well make up your mind to it."

"Tell him I can get work in Sydney—straight stuff, I mean. 'Tain't asking very much."

"I'll do what I can."

"And come and tell me right away, will you? I can't set down to a thing till I get the dope one way or the other."

It was not an errand that much pleased the doctor, and, characteristically, perhaps, he went about it indirectly. He told his wife what Miss Thompson had said to him and asked her to speak to Mrs. Davidson. The missionary's attitude seemed rather arbitrary, and it could do no harm if the girl were allowed to stay in Pago-

Pago another fortnight. But he was not prepared for the result of his diplomacy. The missionary came to him straightway.

"Mrs. Davidson tells me that Thompson has been speaking to you."

Dr. Macphail, thus directly tackled, had the shy man's resentment at being forced out into the open. He felt his temper rising, and he flushed.

"I don't see that it can make any difference if she goes to Sydney rather than to San Francisco, and so long as she promises to behave while she's here it's dashed hard to persecute her."

The missionary fixed him with his stern eyes.

"Why is she unwilling to go back to San Francisco?"

"I didn't enquire," answered the doctor with some asperity. "And I think one does better to mind one's own business."

Perhaps it was not a very tactful answer.

"The governor has ordered her to be deported by the first boat that leaves the island. He's only done his duty and I will not interfere. Her presence is a peril here."

"I think you're very harsh and tyrannical."

The two ladies looked up at the doctor with some alarm, but they need not have feared a quarrel, for the missionary smiled gently.

"I'm terribly sorry you should think that of me, Dr. Macphail. Believe me, my heart bleeds for that unfortunate woman, but I'm only trying to do my duty."

The doctor made no answer. He looked out of the window sullenly. For once it was not raining, and across the bay you saw nestling among the trees the huts of a native village.

"I think I'll take advantage of the rain stopping to go out," he said.

"Please don't bear me malice because I can't accede to your wish," said Davidson, with a melancholy smile. "I respect you very much, doctor, and I should be sorry if you thought ill of me."

"I have no doubt you have a sufficiently good opinion of yourself to bear mine with equanimity," he retorted.

"That's one on me," chuckled Davidson.

When Dr. Macphail, vexed with himself because he had been uncivil to no purpose, went downstairs Miss Thompson was waiting for him with her door ajar.

"Well," she said, "have you spoken to him?"

"Yes. I'm sorry he won't do anything," he answered, not looking at her in his embarrassment.

But then he gave her a quick glance, for a sob broke from her. He saw that her face was white with fear. It gave him a shock of dismay. And suddenly he had an idea.

"But don't give up hope yet. I think it's a shame the way they're treating you and I'm going to see the governor myself."

"Now?"

He nodded. Her face brightened.

"Say, that's real good of you. I'm sure he'll let me stay if you speak for me. I just won't do a thing I didn't ought all the time I'm here."

Dr. Macphail hardly knew why he had made up his mind to appeal to the governor. He was perfectly indifferent to Miss Thompson's affairs, but the missionary had irritated him, and with him temper was a smouldering thing. He found the governor at home. He was a large, handsome man, a sailor, with a gray toothbrush moustache; and he wore a spotless uniform of white drill.

"I've come to see you about a woman who's lodging in the same house as we are," he said. "Her name's Thompson."

"I guess I've heard nearly enough about her, Dr. Macphail," said the governor, smiling. "I've given her the order to get out next Tuesday and that's all I can do."

"I wanted to ask you if you couldn't stretch a point and let her stay here till the boat comes in from San Francisco so that she can go to Sydney. I will guarantee her good behaviour."

The governor continued to smile, but his eyes grew small and serious.

"I'd be very glad to oblige you, Dr. Macphail, but I've given the order and it must stand."

The doctor put the case as reasonably as he could, but now the governor ceased to smile at all. He listened sullenly, with averted gaze. Macphail saw that he was making no impression.

"I'm sorry to cause any lady inconvenience, but she'll have to sail on Tuesday and that's all there is to it."

"But what difference can it make?"

"Pardon me, doctor, but I don't feel called upon to explain my official actions except to the proper authorities."

Macphail looked at him shrewdly. He remembered Davidson's hint that he had used threats, and in the governor's attitude he read a singular embarrassment.

"Davidson's a damned busybody," he said hotly.

"Between ourselves, Dr. Macphail, I don't say that I have formed a very favourable opinion of Mr. Davidson, but I am bound to confess that he was within his rights in pointing out to me the danger that the presence of a woman of Miss Thompson's character was to a place like this, where a number of enlisted men are stationed among a native population."

He got up, and Dr. Macphail was obliged to do so, too.

"I must ask you to excuse me. I have an engagement. Please give my respects to Mrs. Macphail."

The doctor left him crestfallen. He knew that Miss Thompson would be waiting for him, and unwilling to tell her himself that he had failed, he went into the house by the back door and sneaked up the stairs as though he had something to hide.

CHAPTER VIII

At supper he was silent and ill-at-ease, but the missionary was jovial and animated. Dr. Macphail thought his eyes rested on him now and then with triumphant good humour.

It struck him suddenly that Davidson knew of his visit to the governor and of its ill-success. But how on earth could he have heard of it? There was something sinister about the power of that man. After supper he saw Horn on the verandah and as though to have a casual word with him went out.

"She wants to know if you've seen the governor," the trader whispered.

"Yes. He wouldn't do anything. I'm awfully sorry, I can't do anything more."

"I knew he wouldn't. They daren't go against the missionaries."

"What are you talking about?" said Davidson affably, coming out to join them.

"I was just saying there was no chance of your getting over to Apia for at least another week," said the trader glibly.

He left them, and the two men returned to the parlour. Mr. Davidson devoted one hour after each meal to recreation. Presently a timid knock was heard at the door.

"Come in," said Mrs. Davidson, in her sharp voice.

The door was not opened. She got up and opened it.. They saw Miss Thompson standing at the threshold. But the change in her appearance was extraordinary. This was no longer the flaunting hussy who had jeered at them in the road, but a broken, frightened woman. Her hair, as a rule so elaborately arranged, was tumbling untidily over her neck. She wore bedroom slippers and a skirt and blouse. They were unfresh and bedraggled. She stood at the door with the tears streaming down her face and did not dare to come in.

"What do you want?" said Mrs. Davidson harshly.

"May I speak to Mr. Davidson?" she said in a choking voice.

The missionary rose and went toward her.

"Come right in, Miss Thompson," he said in cordial tones. "What can I do for you?"

She entered the room.

"Say, I'm sorry for what I said to

you the other day an' for—for everythin' else. I guess I was a bit lit up. I beg pardon."

"Oh, it was nothing. I guess my back's broad enough to bear a few hard words."

She stepped toward him with a movement that was horribly cringing.

"You've got me beat. I'm all in. You won't make me go back to Frisco?"

His genial manner vanished and his voice grew on a sudden hard and stern.

"Why don't you want to go back there?"

She cowered before him.

"I guess my people live there. I don't want them to see me like this. I'll go anywhere else you say."

"Why don't you want to go back to San Francisco?"

"I've told you."

He leaned forward, staring at her, and his great, shining eyes seemed to try to bore into her soul. He gave a sudden gasp.

"The penitentiary."

She screamed, and then she fell at his feet, clasping his legs.

"Don't send me back there. I swear to you before God I'll be a good woman. I'll give all this up."

She burst into a torrent of confused supplication and the tears coursed down her painted cheeks. He leaned over her and lifting her face, forced her to look at him.

"Is that it, the penitentiary?"

"I beat it before they could get me," she gasped. "If the bulls grab me it's three years for mine."

He let go his hold of her and she fell in a heap on the floor, sobbing bitterly. Dr. Macphail stood up.

"This alters the whole thing," he said. "You can't make her go back when you know this. Give her another chance. She wants to turn over a new leaf."

"I'm going to give her the finest chance she's ever had. If she repents let her accept her punishment."

She misunderstood the words and looked up. There was a gleam of hope in her heavy eyes.

"You'll let me go?"

"No. You shall sail for San Francisco on Tuesday."

She gave a groan of horror and then burst into low, hoarse shrieks which sounded hardly human, and she beat her head passionately on the ground. Dr. Macphail sprang to her and lifted her up.

"Come on, you mustn't do that. You'd better go to your room and lie down. I'll get you something."

He raised her to her feet and partly dragging her, partly carrying her, got her downstairs. He was furious with Mr. Davidson and with his wife because they made no effort to help. The half-caste was standing on the landing and with his assistance he managed to get her on the bed. She was moaning and crying. She was almost insensible. He gave her a hypodermic injection. He was hot and exhausted when he went upstairs again.

"I've got her to lie down."

The two women and Davidson were in the same positions as when he had left them. They could not have moved or spoken since he went.

"I was waiting for you," said Davidson, in a strange, distant voice. "I want you all to pray with me for the soul of our erring sister."

He took the Bible off a shelf, and sat down at the table at which they had supped. It had not been cleared, and he pushed the teapot out of the way. In a powerful voice, resonant and deep, he read to them the chapter in which is narrated the meeting of Jesus Christ with the woman taken in adultery. Then he closed the book and went down on his knees.

"Now kneel with me and let us pray for the soul of our dear sister, Sadie Thompson."

He burst into a long passionate prayer in which he implored God to have mercy on the sinful woman. Mrs. Macphail and Mrs. Davidson knelt with covered eyes. The doctor, taken by surprise, awkward and sheepish, knelt too. The missionary's prayer had a savage eloquence. He was extraordinarily

moved, and as he spoke the tears ran down his cheeks. Outside, the pitiless rain fell, fell steadily, with a fierce malignity that was all too human.

At last he stopped. He paused for a moment and said:

"We will now repeat the Lord's Prayer."

They said it and then, following him, they rose from their knees. Mrs. Davidson's face was pale and restful. She was comforted and at peace, but the Macphails felt suddenly bashful. They did not know which way to look.

"I'll just go down and see how she is now," said Dr. Macphail.

When he knocked at her door it was opened for him by Horn. Miss Thompson was in a rocking-chair, sobbing quietly.

"What are you doing there?" exclaimed Macphail. "I told you to lie down."

"I can't lie down. I want to see Mr. Davidson."

"My poor child, what do you think is the good of it? You'll never move him."

"He said he'd come if I sent for him."

Macphail motioned to the trader.

"Go and fetch him."

He waited with her in silence while the trader went upstairs. Davidson came in.

"Excuse me for asking you to come here," she said, looking at him sombrely.

"I was expecting you to send for me. I knew the Lord would answer my prayer."

They stared at one another for a moment and then she looked away. She kept her eyes averted when she spoke.

"I've been a bad woman. I want to repent."

"Thank God, thank God! He has heard our prayers."

He turned to the two men.

"Leave me alone with her. Tell Mrs. Davidson that our prayers have been answered."

They went out and closed the door behind them.

"Gee whizz!" said the trader.

That night Dr. Macphail could not get to sleep till late, and when he heard the missionary come upstairs he looked at his watch. It was two o'clock. But even then he did not go to bed at once, for through the wooden partition that separated their rooms he heard him praying aloud, till he himself, exhausted, fell asleep.

CHAPTER IX

When he saw him next morning he was surprised at his appearance. He was paler than ever, tired, but his eyes shone with an inhuman fire. It looked as though he were filled with an overwhelming joy.

"I want you to go down presently and see Sadie," he said. "I can't hope that her body is better, but her soul—her soul is transformed."

The doctor was feeling wan and nervous.

"You were with her very late last night," he said.

"Yes, she couldn't bear to have me leave her."

"You look as pleased as Punch," the doctor said irritably.

Davidson's eyes shone with ecstasy.

"A great mercy has been vouchsafed me. Last night I was privileged to bring a lost soul to the loving arms of Jesus."

Miss Thompson was again in the rocking-chair. The bed had not been made. The room was in disorder. She had not troubled to dress herself, but wore a dirty dressing-gown, and her hair was tied in a sluttish knot. She had given her face a dab with a wet towel, but it was all swollen and creased with crying. She looked drab.

She raised her eyes dully when the doctor came in. She was cowed and broken.

"Where's Mr. Davidson?" she asked.

"He'll come presently if you want him," answered Macphail, acidly. "I came here to see how you were."

"Oh, I guess I'm O.K. You needn't worry about that."

"Have you had anything to eat?"

"Horn brought me some coffee."

She looked anxiously at the door.

"D'you think he'll come down soon? I feel as if it wasn't so dreadful when he's with me."

"Are you still going on Tuesday?"

"Yes, he says I've got to go. Please tell him to come right along. You can't do me any good. He's the only one as can help me now."

"Very well," said Dr. Macphail.

During the next three days the missionary spent almost all his time with Sadie Thompson. He joined the others only to have his meals. Dr. Macphail noticed that he hardly ate.

"He's wearing himself out," said Mrs. Davidson pitifully. "He'll have a breakdown if he doesn't take care, but he won't spare himself."

She herself was white and pale. She told Mrs. Macphail that she had no sleep. When the missionary came upstairs from Miss Thompson he prayed till he was exhausted, but even then he did not sleep for long. After an hour or two he got up and dressed himself and went for a tramp along the bay. He had strange dreams.

"This morning he told me that he'd been dreaming about the mountains of Nebraska," said Mrs. Davidson.

"That's curious," said Dr. Macphail.

He remembered seeing them from the windows of the train when he crossed America. They were like huge molehills, rounded and smooth, and they rose from the plain abruptly. Dr. Macphail remembered how it struck him that they were like a woman's breasts.

Davidson's restlessness was intolerable even to himself. But he was buoyed up by a wonderful exhilaration. He was tearing out by the roots the last vestiges of sin that lurked in the hidden corners of that poor woman's heart. He read with her and prayed with her.

"It's wonderful," he said to them one day at supper. "It's a true rebirth. Her soul, which was black as night, is now pure and white like the new-fallen snow. I am humble and afraid. Her remorse for all her sins is beautiful. I am not worthy to touch the hem of her garment."

"Have you the heart to send her back to San Francisco?" said the doctor. "Three years in an American prison. I should have thought you might have saved her from that."

"Ah, but don't you see? It's necessary. Do you think my heart doesn't bleed for her? I love her as I love my wife and my sister. All the time that she is in prison I shall suffer all the pain that she suffers."

"Bunkum!" cried the doctor impatiently.

"You don't understand because you're blind. She's sinned, and she must suffer. I know what she'll endure. She'll be starved and tortured and humiliated. I want her to accept the punishment of man as a sacrifice to God. I want her to accept it joyfully. She has an opportunity which is offered to very few of us. God is very good and very merciful."

Davidson's voice trembled with excitement. He could hardly articulate the words that tumbled passionately from his lips.

"All day I pray with her and when I leave her I pray again, I pray with all my might and main, so that Jesus may grant her this great mercy. I want to put in her heart the passionate desire to be punished so that at the end, even if I offered to let her go she would refuse. I want her to feel that the bitter punishment of prison is the thank-offering that she places at the feet of our Blessed Lord, who gave His life for her."

The days passed slowly. The whole household, centred on the wretched, tortured woman downstairs, lived in a state of unnatural excitement. She was like a victim that was being prepared for the savage rites of a bloody idolatry. Her terror numbed her. She could not bear to let Davidson out of her sight. It was only when he was with her that she had courage, and she hung upon him with a slavish depend-

ence. She cried a great deal, and she read the Bible, and prayed.

Sometimes she was exhausted and apathetic. Then she did indeed look forward to her ordeal, for it seemed to offer an escape, direct and concrete, from the anguish she was enduring. She could not bear much longer the vague terrors which now assailed her. With her sins she had put aside all personal vanity, and she slopped about her room, unkempt and dishevelled, in her tawdry dressing-gown. She had not taken off her nightdress for four days, nor put on stockings. Her room was littered and untidy.

Meanwhile the rain fell with a cruel persistence. You felt that the heavens must at last be empty of water, but still it poured down, straight and heavy, with a maddening iteration on the iron roof. Everything was damp and clammy. There was mildew on the walls and on the boots that stood on the floor. Through the sleepless nights the mosquitoes droned their angry chant.

"If it would only stop raining for a single day it wouldn't be so bad," said Dr. Macphail.

They all looked forward to the Tuesday when the boat for San Francisco was to arrive from Sydney. The strain was intolerable. So far as Dr. Macphail was concerned, his pity and his resentment were alike extinguished by his desire to be rid of the unfortunate woman. The inevitable must be accepted. He felt he would breathe more freely when the ship had sailed. Sadie Thompson was to be escorted on board by a clerk in the Governor's office. This person called on the Monday evening and told Miss Thompson to be prepared at eleven in the morning. Davidson was with her.

"I'll see that everything is ready. I mean to come on board with her myself."

Miss Thompson did not speak.

When Dr. Macphail blew out his candle and crawled cautiously under his mosquito curtains, he gave a sigh of relief.

"Well, thank God that's over. By this time to-morrow she'll be gone."

"Mrs. Davidson will be glad, too. She says he's wearing himself to a shadow," said Mrs. Macphail. "She's a different woman."

"Who?"

"Sadie. I should never have thought it possible. It makes one humble."

Dr. Macphail did not answer, and presently he fell asleep. He was tired out, and he slept more soundly than usual.

CHAPTER X

He was awakened in the morning by a hand placed on his arm, and, starting up, saw Horn by the side of his bed. The trader put his finger on his mouth to prevent any exclamation from Dr. Macphail and beckoned to him to come.

As a rule he wore shabby ducks, but now he was barefoot and wore only the *lava-lava* of the natives. He looked suddenly savage, and Dr. Macphail, getting out of bed, saw that he was heavily tattooed. Horn made him a sign to come on to the veranda. Dr. Macphail got out of bed and followed the trader out.

"Don't make a noise," he whispered. "You're wanted. Put on a coat and some shoes. Quick."

Dr. Macphail's first thought was that something had happened to Miss Thompson.

"What is it? Shall I bring my instruments?"

"Hurry, please, hurry."

Dr. Macphail crept back into the bedroom, put on a waterproof over his pyjamas, and a pair of rubber-soled shoes. He rejoined the trader, and together they tiptoed down the stairs. The door leading out to the road was open and at it were standing half a dozen natives.

"What is it?" repeated the doctor.

"Come along with me," said Horn.

He walked out and the doctor followed him. The natives came after them in a little bunch. They crossed

the road and came on to the beach. The doctor saw a group of natives standing round some object at the water's edge. They hurried along, a couple of dozen yards perhaps, and the natives opened out as the doctor came up. The trader pushed him forward. Then he saw lying half in the water and half out, a dreadful object, the body of Davidson.

Dr. Macphail bent down—he was not a man to lose his head in an emergency—and turned the body over. The throat was cut from ear to ear, and in the right hand was still the razor with which the deed was done.

"He's quite cold," said the doctor. "He must have been dead some time."

"One of the boys saw him lying there on his way to work just now and came and told me. Do you think he did it himself?"

"Yes. Someone ought to go for the police."

Horn said something in the native tongue, and two youths started off.

"We must leave him here till they come," said the doctor.

"They mustn't take him into my house. I won't have him in my house."

"You'll do what the authorities say," replied the doctor sharply. "In point of fact I expect they'll take him to the mortuary."

They stood waiting where they were. The trader took a cigarette from a fold in his *lava-lava* and gave one to Dr. Macphail. They smoked while they stared at the corpse. Dr. Macphail could not understand.

"Why do you think he did it?" asked Horn.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. In a little while native police came along, under the charge of a marine, with a stretcher, and immediately afterward a couple of naval officers and a naval doctor. They managed everything in a businesslike manner.

"What about the wife?" said one of the officers.

"Now that you've come I'll go back to the house and get some things on. I'll see that it's broken to her. She'd better not see him till he's been fixed up a little."

"I guess that's right," said the naval doctor.

When Dr. Macphail went back he found his wife nearly dressed.

"Mrs. Davidson's in a dreadful state about her husband," she said to him as soon as he appeared. "He hasn't been to bed all night. She heard him leave Miss Thompson's room at two, but he went out. If he's been walking about since then he'll be absolutely dead."

Dr. Macphail told her what had happened and asked her to break the news to Mrs. Davidson

"But why did he do it?" she asked, horror-stricken.

"I don't know."

"But I can't. I can't."

"You must."

She gave him a frightened look and went out. He heard her go into Mrs. Davidson's room. He waited a minute to gather himself together and then began to shave and wash. When he was dressed he sat down on the bed and waited for his wife to come in again. At last she did.

"She wants to see him," she said.

"They've taken him to the mortuary. We'd better go down with her. How did she take it?"

"I think she's stunned. She didn't cry. But she's trembling like a leaf."

"We'd better go at once."

When they knocked at her door Mrs. Davidson came out. She was very pale, but dry-eyed. To the doctor she seemed unnaturally composed. No word was exchanged, and they set out in silence down the road. When they arrived at the mortuary Mrs. Davidson spoke.

"Let me go in and see him alone."

They stood aside. A native opened a door for her and closed it behind her. They sat down and waited in silence. One or two white men came and talked to them in undertones. Dr. Macphail told them again what he knew of the tragedy. At last the door was quietly opened and Mrs. Davidson came out. Silence fell upon them.

"I'm ready to go back now," she said.

Her voice was hard and steady. Dr. Macphail could not understand the look in her eyes. Her pale face was very stern. They walked back slowly, never saying a word, and at last they came round the bend, on the other side of which stood their house. Mrs. Davidson gave a gasp, and for a moment they stopped still. An incredible sound assaulted their ears. The gramophone which had been silent for so long was playing, playing ragtime loud and harsh.

"What's that?" cried Mrs. Macphail with horror.

"Let's go on," said Mrs. Davidson.

CHAPTER XI

THEY walked up the steps and entered the hall. Miss Thompson was standing at her door, chatting with a sailor.

A sudden change had taken place in her. She was no longer the cowed drudge of the last days. She was dressed in all her finery, in her white dress, with the high shiny boots over which her fat legs bulged in their cotton stockings; her hair was elaborately arranged; and she wore that enormous hat covered with gaudy flowers. Her face was painted, her eyebrows were boldly black, and her lips were scarlet. She held herself erect. She was the flaunting, impudent queen that they had known at first.

As they came in she broke into a loud, jeering laugh; and then, when Mrs. Davidson involuntarily stopped, she collected the spittle in her mouth and spat. Mrs. Davidson cowered back, and two red spots rose suddenly to her cheeks. Then, covering her face with her hands, she broke away and ran quickly up the stairs. Dr. Macphail was outraged. He pushed past the woman into her room.

"What the devil are you doing?" he cried. "Stop that damned machine."

He went up to it and tore the record off. She turned on him.

"Say, doc, you can stop that stuff with me. What the hell are you doin' in my room?"

"What do you mean?" he cried. "What d'you mean?"

She gathered herself together. No one could describe the scorn of her expression or the contemptuous hatred she put into her answer.

"You men! You filthy, dirty pigs! You're all the same, all of you. Pigs! Pigs!"

Dr. Macphail gasped. He understood.

IT is a question which China fears the most: Japan or the Board of Foreign Missions.

THERE are three ways of being happy—remaining single, remaining divorced, or remaining a widower.

THE MAN WHO HEARD EVERYTHING

By Walter Trumbull

I

AT the shrill ringing of the bell, Gertrude Johnson raised herself drowsily upon one elbow and, reaching out for the clock, shut off the alarm. Then, turning upon her other elbow, she shook her still sleeping husband to wakefulness and relaxed upon her pillow.

Ed Johnson swung his long legs over the side of the bed and sat for a moment blinking and running his fingers through his sparse thatch of hair. Half-past six. It was his usual time for rising and there was nothing to indicate that this was to be an unusual day.

Getting to his feet, he pulled the blankets more snugly about the form of his wife, settling them into place with a little pat as she smiled up at him. Even at this trying hour of the day she made a pretty picture lying there, with her flaxen hair tumbled and her small upturned nose half buried in the pillow.

"Go on back to sleep, honey," said Ed, and then, gathering up his clothes, he shuffled through the doorway and across to the bathroom, where he began to dress.

Snakelike, the radiator hissed its warning, but Ed backed against it and recoiled with a start. When his toilet was half completed he went to light the gas-burners under the coffee-pot and the double boiler containing oatmeal, placed on the stove the previous night by his wife. Then he finished dressing, after which he returned to the kitchen, where, on the oilcloth of the table, were a plate, a cup and saucer and some silver-plated eating utensils of the premium pattern.

As Ed passed the table, his coat swept off a spoon, which fell ringing to the floor. He paid no attention to it, but commenced to stir the oatmeal, now squirming gently as if uncomfortable in the heat. From the pot came a vapouring fragrance. The coffee was ready. While filling his cup Ed trod upon the fallen spoon. He picked it up and bent it into shape again.

Having eaten, he went to the combined dining and living room of the flat; a room with red-papered walls ornamented by several pictures—a couple of crayon portraits, done from photographs, a real oil painting of some fruit, and a steel engraving entitled "Stag at Bay."

The round oak centre table was covered by an "art square" of red satin with a brilliant Persian border and held a lamp, a photograph album, a fancy candy box, a sprouting Chinese lily, a tinted plaster statuette and some battered magazines and books. On a smaller table, against the wall, was a goldfish bowl, and the mantel supported a brass-trimmed onyx clock and two highly polished conch shells. The room also contained a talking machine and a parrot in a cage. This last belonged to Gertrude Johnson, who liked it for the company it gave her when Ed and her brother, who lived with them, were away. Ed now extended a wary finger through the bars of the cage, but the parrot only ruffled its feathers and glared at him.

"Old dummy!" it cried.

Then, pressing its lowered head against the wires, it changed its tone, simpering "Dearie," as Ed rubbed its neck. This display of affection was not, however, sincere, for the bird suddenly attempted to bite the caressing finger and covered the embarrassment of its failure with a burst of harsh laughter.

On his way out Ed paused irresolutely before the door of a second bedroom. But no—the boy might as well sleep. He turned away and, opening the front door quietly, let himself into the outside hall, descended two flights of narrow stairs and emerged into the bright, early chilliness of a spring morning. Heading in the direction of his day's work, he pursed his lips and emitted a cheerful but unmelodious whistling sound, evidently intended for a tune.

At the corner he ceased to whistle and looked carefully up and down the street before venturing from the sidewalk. After two more crossings, accomplished with the same caution, he came to a locality of little stores and to his destination—a small barber shop, with his own name displayed in gold letters on its shining window.

First to arrive, as always, Ed unlocked the door, took off his soft hat and his worn brown overcoat and hung them in a little closet. Then he looked around to see that everything was in order.

Presently he walked to the back of the shop and unfastened a door. It gave access to a small yard; the only one in the block, for the other buildings were deeper. It was a most unbeautiful, stony patch of ground, but at least it was an open space and one frequently visited by adventurous sparrows. A group of them were there now.

Ed broke a crust of bread saved from his breakfast, threw them the crumbs, and watched them as they hopped around, now eating, now pausing to stare at him with bright, insolent eyes, now widening their beaks in shrill chirpings. Frequently, before opening or after closing time, Ed would stand there for a minute. As a small boy he had lived in the country, but now, except for the parks which he occasionally visited on Sunday afternoons, this was about the only unpaved spot he knew.

Going back into the shop he was just in time to greet Otto and Antonio, his employees, who arrived together. The men speedily changed to their white coats and the place was ready for business. Soon their chairs were occupied by neighbouring tradesmen, with whom the barbers talked and joked. Ed seated himself near the cash register, as became a proprietor, and, although taking no part in discussion or jest, smiled when the others laughed. It made him feel cheerful

Another customer arrived; a stranger.

"Once over," he said, as he climbed into Ed's chair.

Ed turned and looked at Otto. The latter held up his hand with one finger extended. Twisting his head, the stranger mutely inquired the meaning of the pantomime.

"He's deaf as a post," Otto volunteered, in answer to the look. "But he can shave you all right."

And it was true. This quiet, angular man, with his stooped shoulders and queerly wistful eyes, had a light, sure touch. Moreover, he neither annoyed customers with conversation, nor was he distracted from his work by the barber shop talk. To be sure, he did pause to glance about him now and then; but all barbers, even the most devoted of them, will do that.

Idle again, Ed employed himself wholly in looking out of the window. He liked to watch the cars go by, the people passing, the horses, the automobiles. It was as if he were a spectator at a moving picture show. To him, life was a movie—with the whole world as its screen.

True, it was for Ed a movie without captions; he had to furnish those himself. Yet, on the other hand, he could actually mingle with the performers, follow them off the screen, walk around them, touch them, shave them. And if he tired of the picture, he could shut his eyes and the whole thing was nonexistent—there was not even sound.

But it was seldom that he tired of it.

He found the world a happy place. Of course, there was a thing that he ardently desired which was beyond his grasp. Most, perhaps, he desired it for his wife's sake. It was hard on Gertrude to be tied to a deaf man. Yet she was always cheerful and considerate. Whenever friends or neighbours came in he was eager to be as much as possible one of the company, but it was she who told him afterwards what they had said.

Just as a movie devotee often wishes that it might be possible to know some character off the screen, Ed found himself wishing to know people at first hand. He knew their faces, their expressions, their attitudes, their gestures. But he wanted to know their thoughts, their opinions, the sound of their voices. He wished he could hear everything.

II

It was in the afternoon that a limousine drew up in front of the shop. A fire-engine scarcely could have been a greater source of interest to Otto and Antonio; and when a chauffeur, smartly uniformed, opened the door of the car and the occupant emerged, even Ed was stirred. As the man entered, Antonio and Otto hurried expectantly to their chairs, but he addressed himself to Ed.

"I want a quick shave," he said.

Evidently he was the sort of person who always took the front chair. He was already removing his coat as Otto stepped forward to assist him. It was a far handsomer coat than Otto ever had handled, and he examined it admiringly before hanging it up. From a side pocket a piece of heavy silk cord protruded, and he ventured to tuck this in. Ed, having observed the signs of haste, proceeded swiftly with his lathering. The two other barbers watched the shaving with as keen an interest as if it were something entirely new to them. Here was a customer who later would be worth comment.

"Don't put any smelly stuff on me," said the man, but the command would have been vain had not Otto, shaking his head violently, dashed forward and taken a bottle from Ed's hand.

The customer watched this performance without comment. When he arose from the chair he went directly to where his overcoat was hanging and plunged his hand into its pocket. It was now apparent that the silk cord was fastened at one end to a little receiver, with a head attachment such as telephone operators wear, and at the other to a small black box. Slipping on the receiver the man turned to Otto.

"He's deaf?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir. Like a post," eagerly replied the one questioned. "Been that way for years. Had scarlet fever or something and—"

"Here," said the man, suddenly removing the contrivance from his head and offering it to Ed. The latter, seeing what was required of him, awkwardly adjusted it.

Then it happened.

"You should have something like this," he heard a voice saying.

But he heard more than that.

He heard Antonio's nervous cough, the tinkle of an organ grinder's music through the open door, the rumble of a heavy truck as it jolted by. He did not attempt to differentiate the sounds, any more than a listener attempts to sort out the various instruments when a band suddenly begins playing. He realized only that he could hear.

Smiling good-naturedly, the man extended his hand.

Dazedly Ed removed the headpiece.

All was silence again.

He stood without moving until his customer, having put on his coat and hat, proffered the price of his shave. Then he spoke, in a voice sharp with repressed emotion.

"Where can I get one? What will it cost?" he demanded.

Tearing a bit of paper from an envelope, the man wrote on it, thrust it into Ed's hand and left the shop.

Ed looked at the paper. There was an address on it and an amount. Fifty dollars! Where was he to get fifty

dollars? At least, where was he to get fifty dollars to spend on himself? The shop was bringing in money, but he was spending all of it. Everything connected with his business cost so much and Gertrude needed so many things for herself and for the flat.

Then, of course, it was right and necessary to look after her brother. Herman was a good boy, but terribly unlucky about finding and holding jobs. He might have been trained to be a barber, but Gertrude didn't wish her brother to be a barber. As a matter of fact, Ed was a little in debt. The talking machine that Gertrude had insisted upon getting for him was not all paid for yet. He never confessed to Gertrude that he could not quite catch the words of the songs, even when he pressed his ear against it. If he could only get something like that man had what a difference it would make! What a difference it would make to Gertrude—how much more companionable he could be! He must manage it somehow.

It was a simple plan that Ed finally evolved. Since his marriage he never had possessed any money about which Gertrude did not know; she ran the family finances. But now he would hold out twenty-five cents every weekday and on Sunday fifty cents. That would be two dollars every week.

Gertrude observed that evening that Ed was unusually preoccupied. As they were preparing for bed she questioned him. She didn't shout at him as others did; she had a way of placing her lips close to his ear and enunciating clearly.

"What's the matter, dearie?" she inquired. "Did you have a hard day?"

"No," replied her husband. "I had a fine day. I guess," he added suddenly, "I guess it was one of the best days I ever had."

Long after his wife was asleep the deaf man lay with his head raised a little, staring into the dark. To hear! Imagination constantly whispered of some new, wonderful possibility that it involved.

Thence onward, he thought about it all the time. To hear meant that he would know people as he had never been able to before. The fat man, for instance, who so frequently made Otto laugh as the latter shaved him. And the pretty girl who passed Ed's window daily—the one who was cashier in her father's meat market down the block. She had such nice, friendly eyes and such lovely, rosy cheeks. And others—many others—Ed wanted to talk with all of them. But most of all he wanted to talk with his wife; naturally, comfortably, as other men talked with their wives.

In these days of high finance, of oil wells and options, of combinations and stock manipulations, two dollars is such a modest sum that it shrinks from mention; yet Ed found those weeks when he could set aside the required amount less frequent than the weeks when he could not. The cost of living was steadily increasing and there were always so many necessary but unexpected expenses to be met. Not until the approach of autumn was the end of his laborious saving in sight.

It had been a hot summer and he had urged his wife to go to the country for a week or so, but she had refused. She had made new friends with whom she spent much of her time, and though, for some reason, they never seemed to come to the flat, she evidently thought a great deal of them. They were "swell people," she told Ed, and he felt a sort of reflected pride.

The best were none too good for Gertrude. She could make friends anywhere. He always had felt that, given the opportunity, she would have been just as prominent as these rich women whose pictures he saw in the Sunday papers. And Herman had secured some sort of a job. There were, it is true, rumours of a barbers' strike, but he had given Otto and Antonio their living for so many years that he regarded them as friends rather than as employees. So, after all, things were moving along pretty well.

Deafness had taught Ed patience. He was used to waiting for things. Dollar by dollar his hoard grew. He kept the

money in an inside pocket of his vest, every few weeks changing the one dollar bills for fives. He was careful to get old bills, for he remembered that new money crackled. By the time that he had saved forty-five dollars the longing to tell Gertrude was almost irresistible.

"Wouldn't it be nice if I could hear?" he said to her once, standing beside her as she sat reading.

She nodded carelessly.

"I might be able to, some day."

"Don't fret about that, dearie," she replied, drawing him down toward her so that she need not shout. "You can hear me all right. I like you just the way you are."

Whereupon Ed's eyes glowed softly and his hand crept upward to rest above the money in his pocket.

Gertrude noticed the gesture.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Nothing. Why?"

"You acted like you had a pain in your chest."

"No," said Ed. "I'm feeling fine—fine!"

III

At last came the day on which he added the two final bills. His savings were complete. Fifty dollars! He fingered the bills over and over; the five with the corner missing, the two that were pasted together, the one that was so soft and ragged—he knew them all by heart.

It was only after he had sent the money-order that he commenced to feel the strain. The hours now seemed longer than the weeks had seemed before. The hearing device was to be sent to the shop. The night before the thing was due he slept scarcely at all, and he needed no one to wake him the following morning. Contrary to his custom, he made so much noise around the flat that Gertrude couldn't go back to sleep. But that didn't matter—she was to meet her friends for lunch and had to get up early anyhow.

Otto and Antonio noticed that Ed was strangely restless. He went as far as the sidewalk to meet the postman making his first round. But there was nothing for him. In the second delivery there came a package. Ed's hand shook as he signed for it. The other barbers watched him curiously as he carried it unopened to the rear of the shop.

Once in the little yard he was safe from prying eyes. Scattered about were a number of rocks, relics of the excavation and building period, and on one of these Ed sat down. His knees didn't feel any too steady. He studied the outside of the package for a moment or two before, with careful and solicitous fingers, he opened it and unwrapped what it contained. Shiny and new, the instrument lay in his hands.

There was no hesitation now. Eagerly he made the necessary adjustments and slipped over his head the little metal band which held the earpiece. Then, holding the box-like transmitter close to his lips, he spoke—and not dim and muffled, but clearly and distinctly, Ed Johnson heard the sound of his own voice. He laughed, sharply and excitedly—and heard his own laughter. He whistled—and the notes were clear and shrill. He spoke loudly; softly. He whispered. Reaching down for a stone, he struck it against the rock on which he was sitting. Holding the transmitter on his close pressed knees, he clapped his hands. Then he spoke into it again. He could hear! He could hear!

He rose to his feet and returned to the shop. The customers had gone and Otto and Antonio were engaged in one of their frequent arguments, too engrossed to be more than carelessly aware of his presence. Anyhow, they were accustomed to talking as freely before him as if he had been one of his own barber chairs. Their words, in their raised voices, came to him clearly.

"Tell me," Antonio was demanding, "ain't Ed always been square with us?"

"Sure," replied Otto, heatedly. "Why wouldn't he be square with us? Can he talk to people? A fine fix he'd be in without us. It ain't what you're worth these days. It's what you can get. You got to look out for yourself. You should

worry about him! Us barbers has got to hang together. This strike—"

There he stopped short. He was looking hard at Ed and finally he approached him.

"What's that you're wearing?" he attempted to shout in his ear.

"You don't need to yell," said Ed. "I can hear."

"You can?"

"Sure! I can hear everything."

There was a moment's pause. Otto was doing some heavy thinking.

"That's fine, boss!" said Antonio.

It was Ed who was voluble now.

"I can hear plain with it," he boasted. "Sure! I can hear everything."

"That's fine, boss!" said Antonio again.

But Otto was a trifle sulky. He felt that Ed had somehow taken unfair advantage of him. An air of constraint fell upon the shop.

By fastening the transmitter to his coat Ed could hear and work at the same time. He became eager to get customers into his chair, and, once he had them there, he would attempt to discourse with them upon the weather, business, politics, and neighbourhood affairs. There were a few who evinced a mild curiosity in his new-found ability to hear, though no one found the fact as wonderful as Ed did. Still, they didn't have to talk much. Even replies in the nature of monosyllables and grunts pleased him.

Toward the middle of the afternoon the cheerful fat man came into the shop and took his customary place in Otto's chair. The latter brightened perceptibly.

"Got a new one?" he asked.

"Lots of 'em," replied the man. "Here's one I heard last night."

Ed drew nearer. This evidently was going to be good. The story was greeted by uproarious laughter from Otto, but it left Ed bewildered and distressed. Perhaps his affliction had kept him cleaner minded than some other men.

Yielding to a sudden desire to get out into the sunshine, Ed left the shop in charge of his employees. The suggestion of autumn crispness in the air made walking an invigorating pastime, but he did not hurry. Things were too interesting. Coming to some children, dancing around a street piano, he stopped, watching and listening for a time. Again he paused where a gang was working on an excavation. He liked the clink of the sledges on the drills.

Crossing to one of the main thoroughfares, Ed continued to stroll down town. As he approached the section of great department stores and lofty office buildings, the traffic, both on sidewalk and street, was heavier. Hitherto he had found pleasure in catching snatches of the talk of passersby, the clatter of street cars, the peevish snarl of motor horns, the jolting rattle of trucks and vans, the warning gongs of hurrying ambulances. But this was different. Here in the congested district the separate noises merged into a babel of sound, threatening and bewildering. Ed wanted to get back again, where it was quieter.

For his return he chose another street. Presently his attention was attracted to some lurid posters. He walked to the ticket booth, laid down the necessary thirty cents and entered. An usher noticed the earpiece and cord and found him a chair in the first row, from which place of vantage he gave such flattering attention to the jokes of a comedy duo that he earned their favourable notice. He was diverted, too, by the rollicking songs of a buxom lady, short in costume but well along in years. Some dancers interested him less, although he liked the clatter of their heels upon the boards. But when the moving pictures commenced, Ed left. Movies failed to entertain him now. There was no sound connected with them.

Emerging from the theatre beside another patron, Ed addressed the stranger.

"That's a fine show," he ventured.

"Rotten," said the man laconically.

"Anyhow, it's been a fine day."

"The hell it has." And the man walked away.

Ed flushed. Something seemed to be the matter to-day. People were different.

"Some crab, that guy," said a voice beside him.

Turning to see who had spoken, he found himself facing a man whose clothes, hat, and, most of all, whose stickpin more than whispered of prosperity.

"How do they get that way?" went on the speaker, jovially. "Going up town?"

They walked along together. This man was agreeable; before long Ed found himself telling about his shop. The other seemed interested. Then he spoke of his own business.

"I deal in stocks," he said. "Ever buy any?"

"No. I never have," Ed confessed.

"Why not?"

"I haven't any money."

"It doesn't take much," said the man. "I've seen 'em run a few dollars into thousands. And you must be doing pretty well to be able to take afternoons off."

"I don't," Ed assured him hastily. "Just got this thing to-day—wanted to try it outside." He tapped the earpiece. "I saved six months to buy it."

"Yes? Well, here's where I leave you," said the stranger abruptly.

Ed was startled by the suddenness of his departure. My, how queer things were when you could hear!

It was time to go home. Gertrude would be there by now and, of course, this whole thing centred around her.

He came to a corner where a crowd had congregated. A man was speaking from a soapbox, waving his arms and pounding a clenched fist into the palm of the other hand. Ed pushed his way to the front and listened. The speaker was pleading that the country be saved. He pictured the poor in the dust and made reference to the iron heel, liberty in chains and the machinery of a corrupt government. He spoke impassionedly of the brotherhood of man, but made it plain that the family would be better off with the well-to-do brothers eliminated.

Ed walked on. The brightness of the afternoon had faded. He came again to the familiar neighbourhood of the shop. He was a little tired. On the corner by the drug store stood Martin Ryan, a policeman, who had been on the beat so long that he was an old acquaintance. Ed stopped beside him. The earpiece and cord attracted Ryan's attention.

"How's it work?" he inquired.

"All right."

As they stood chatting a girl passed them. It was the girl that Ed had so often noticed; the daughter of the man who owned the meat market down the block. They looked after her.

"She's pretty," said Ed.

"Yes," declared the other, "but she's about as tough as they come. Her father can't do anything with her. If she was mine I'd—"

The officer moved off. Ed felt a sudden fierce longing for Gertrude. He was tired. He wanted to go home to his wife. He would tell her all about everything that had happened to him and she would understand.

As he neared the flat building he looked up at the windows. No light was visible. That meant that she was working in the kitchen. She'd be preparing dinner, singing as she worked. And he could hear!

Quietly he ascended the stairs. He fumbled for his latchkey. But he didn't need it; the door stood an inch or two ajar. Ed stepped into the little hall. There was a light in the rear of the flat and from that direction came the sound of Gertrude's voice.

"If you want money, get out and earn it," it said sharply. "Why do you always graft off me?"

"I'll be getting another job," came placatingly from Herman.

"Another shady job like this one?"

"You're a fine one to talk," bawled Herman. "I suppose you think those guys you run with mean you any good?"

"You lay off my friends!" retorted Gertrude furiously. "I can take care of myself!"

"Well, anyhow, I should think you could get me a little dough from Ed, couldn't you?"

"If I haven't got it, he hasn't. I get all he makes. And that's little enough. If I'd known what I know now you can bet I'd never have married him—the old dummy."

"Old dummy!" echoed the parrot from the darkness of the living-room.

Blindly, Ed turned and felt his way down the stairs. He was not consciously heading anywhere; he felt only that he must keep going on. In time he came to a public park and, entering, followed one of its winding walks. The walk eventually circled a road and, in crossing, Ed was all but run down by an automobile. The driver cursed him.

This woke him to a sense of his surroundings. Looking at his watch, he saw that it had grown late; dinner time had long since come and gone. With a surge of panic he sought the nearest exit. But he didn't go home. He remembered.

He went to the shop. It was dark and empty. He did not light the lights, but passing through, let himself out into the tiny yard at the rear. The buildings which rose on either side seemed to close it into a deep valley of shadow. Here it was that he had come in the bright sunlight of the morning. How long ago it seemed.

He sat down on a rock, with his head raised a little, staring into the dark. For a long time there was only the quiet of the night. Presently, the air was rent with the yowling and spitting of two cats. Then, quiet again.

Ed sat motionless. One by one the lights in the windows of the neighbouring buildings were extinguished. Peace and darkness.

After a time, through the night the sound of a man's voice raised in anger and a woman's scream.

Ed took off the apparatus and laid it on the rock. Picking up a heavy stone he swung it above his head.

Smash!

Then he went home.

IMMORTALITY

By Lewis Randolph

A FADING memory
In the mortal hearts
Of a vanishing race.

ALL the conquests of a season are not so poignant in the memory of a woman as the one failure to captivate.

JANET'S FACE

By Eleanor Milley

I

AMY lay for a few minutes after waking, blinking at the ceiling. Here she was again in this miserable hole when for a month she'd sworn that every day was going to be the last. She moved her eyes with half-sleepy aversion from the mahogany telephone table to the mahogany dresser, from the desk to the wicker armchair. She hated the sight of all of them.

Her tongue tasted dry. She wished that she had some coffee, but she couldn't have it sent up; and to go past the hotel desk into the dining-room, to have the waiter look inquiringly at the head waiter before taking her order, perhaps to have the manager's greedy eyes from an adjoining table watching every mouthful, begrudging every bite . . she couldn't stand that. She'd go without till George telephoned.

Slowly she got up to dress, slowly because the floor swam a little and the mirror made motions as if to bump her in the face. Till a week ago she hadn't known champagne gave you that sort of a hangover, but they'd been drinking it disguised as lemonade in tall glasses. She'd make the bath fairly cool; that ought to help.

The girl next door who shared the bathroom coughed invitingly, but Amy proclaimed deafness by turning on every faucet and singing rather thickly. Presently a door slammed. She must have gone down to breakfast. The singing stopped short and Amy climbed carefully into the bath.

After all, she couldn't stand it cool. No use suffering any more than you have to. She turned off the cold water and stood up until it had time to get comfortably warm, then sank into it slowly and once again lay staring at the ceiling.

It was soft and soothing to be lying there. Ordinarily she would be working away with Castile soap and a flesh brush, but there was not a spark of the Spartan left. She was sick of pain, worn out with struggle; she couldn't struggle any longer, and didn't intend to try. George couldn't marry her, and she had only vague ideas of what his half-alcoholic entreaties amounted to, but being with him felt like being in this bath, warm and cosy, just enough sensation of pleasure not to want to move, not to worry about anything but just to lie and drift.

That was what was the matter with her. She was a drifter. No initiative, no decision. She wanted things to be comfortable like this, without fuss and effort, to float with the stream. . . . No one'd care if she sank. . . . Even in this bath she might just slip her face under slowly, mouth open. . . . A few bubbles, then no more. . . . Inch by inch she began to slip.

Suddenly she sat up with a jerk. This warmth must have made her head worse. She couldn't do that. That green-eyed manager finding her like this, the newspapers and all. And, Lord! She was only nineteen; she hadn't had anything out of life. She couldn't go yet; she couldn't.

The bath suddenly lost its quality of comfort and she hopped out quickly. There she was in the long door mirror now, slender and pink. All wasted. She hadn't even had love yet; not the kind people raved over.

Oh, well! Everything would all come right somehow if only she kept her head and made up her mind to do something.

She hung the Turkish towel back on the rack, slipped into her nightgown and dressing-gown again and tottered into her room toward the bed. Her head was even worse since the bath. She must have drunk a couple of quarts last night. Slowly her eyes closed.

They opened suddenly as, with a bang, the other door into the bathroom opened, and there was that girl next door.

"Why, Amy! Don't you feel well?"

"I'm awright. Just tired." She rolled over, but her hair spread out on the pillow smelled sickeningly of tobacco smoke, so she rolled back again.

The girl came in and began doing awkward things to the pillow, and Amy lay and stared stolidly up into her face. The expression of it said that though the owner was a college girl she was conscious of having broad, tolerant views, and her feeling for Amy was sorrow rather than anger.

If only she herself had a face like Janet, thought Amy. Determined eyes, straight mouth, heavy chin, and jowls that foreshadowed the clubwoman just beginning to appear. If she'd have had a face like that she couldn't be such a wobbler. She wouldn't have let her impulses get her chucked out of school, and if she had, she'd have made up her mind whether to go home or work. Probably she'd have taken the *American Magazine* and begun at the bottom and worked up to be someone's stenographer. Anyhow, she wouldn't be broke now. The face remained bent over her. She had an almost uncontrollable impulse to place the palm of her hand against Janet's nose and push; yet she couldn't help feeling half ashamed. This kind of girl always meant well. Perhaps, after all, she hadn't heard her come in at three and she wouldn't catch on now how stewed she felt if she talked it off.

Unfortunately talking was a problem. She would hear herself saying things from a distance, catching the sense of them after they were out, and the consonants that should have been hard and sibilant flowed forth soft and rolling. Her eyes kept getting glued to Janet's sorority pin, too, refusing to move, and then she'd get irritated. But she'd started, and she wanted to talk to someone.

"Wasn't my fault I got kicked out school. . . . Honest, Janet. . . . But father wired: 'Come home to-day, or not at all,' an' I didn't go. Couldn't make up my fool mind in time. . . . Wouldn't go for anything now. . . . But hotel manager, the da— confounded ol' cuss. I've been ill, only just got better. . . . Now he won't wait for his bill, an' if I don't get it he'll turn me out and keep my trunks. I'll have no clothes, nothing to eat, nowhere to go—oh. I'm going crazy, Janet. Honest to God."

She began to cry noisily into the pillow, and though Janet put it down to a crying jag, the sobs went through her, shaking the bed.

"There, Amy. It isn't any use crying. Why don't you make up your mind and do something? I'd go home if I were you."

"He—he said 'To-day or not at all,' and now it's—"

"Well, couldn't you work then? I'm sure you could earn something."

"Just 'bout 'nough to keep me in manicures."

Janet's mouth hardened.

"Don't be silly. It's no use lying here and letting things happen. You've got to do something. Look, you could be a tutor or something, at least till something turned up or you decided to go home. Lots of nice college girls do it. There's an agency, I know, of some sort. Wait."

She turned the telephone book pages hurriedly.

"See here, Amy. I'll write it down. Murray Hill 7935. You call them and they'll . . . Are you listening?"

"Yes, I'm listening. It's awfully good of you, Janet. But I'm such an undecided fool. I will call them, though, and see if I can't do something to get out of here."

"You do that. I wish I could help financially, but I'm here for only three days, and father gave me just enough to last till to-morrow. Now, Amy! What's the use of crying again?"

Just then the telephone bell rang and Amy's weak lunge at it was unsuccessful. Janet took it up briskly. After a man's boisterous voice had yelled: "Hello, you little drunkard!" in her ear she felt justified in going out, closing the door carefully and feeling she had done all for Amy anyone could reasonably expect of such a distant acquaintance.

"'Lo, George," said Amy, still lying down, the telephone on her chest.

"What're you doing?"

"Nothing."

"Good! Want to have lunch with me?"

"Awright."

"What's the matter? You don't sound very enthusiastic."

"Got a bad headache."

"Ha-ha! Have you? We'll soon cure that. I'll stop by for you at one. Bye-bye, kiddy."

Once again Amy got up unsteadily, and sat on the edge of the bed. She ought to telephone that number Janet had written down. Murray Hill 7935. Yet what was the use? She wanted two hundred dollars at least and she couldn't make that in a week, tutoring, even if she could tutor. George might know a way out, though she couldn't let him help . . . at least, she oughtn't to. She couldn't even make up her mind whether to telephone or not, or whether to leave it to George. Anyhow she'd tell George. Slowly she took from the drawer her best pair of web silk stockings, her new silk vest, and the combination with the Irish crochet that had been her mother's last Christmas present. Then she went in to take another bath.

II

It felt like coming out of ether. That swishing sound that came in waves, and faded. There were voices a long, long way off, and music, and a strong scent of . . . yes, whisky . . . and there was the feel of a man's coat under her cheek.

"Say, for Gawd's sake make 'er brace up! She'll get us bounced out of here on our ear!"

What a dreadful woman's voice that was. Someone began shaking her. Oh yes, of course. It was she who had to do the bracing, but how dare that wretched woman suggest it, whoever she was?

"I'm quite all right." She got the "quite" distinct with an effort.

"Course she's all right. She could probly see us all under the table easy. She just wants to roll all over George. Make 'er sit up."

The coat under her face moved uneasily. Somehow she didn't want to brace up. Just as, after those tonsils, she didn't want to get conscious and feel the pain. It wasn't physical pain this time, but it was something she hadn't been able to get rid of, that wouldn't even let her sleep. . . . She drank the coffee she felt held up to her lips, but she couldn't open her eyes yet. . . . That hotel bill. That's what it was. She ought to tell George. She ought to do something, because she daren't go back to the hotel without any money again. . . . She wished she could go off again and she needn't brace up. . . .

"'Sno fun when people pass out and gum up the party. Specially that little crab. All she wanted to do was sit there with her mouth shut and drink liquor. Upstage."

"Aw, shut up!" George's voice.

Slowly the noises became more distinct. There was an orchestra, and people talking, and the clink of glasses, and now there was singing. Presently her eyes opened. Her head was on George's shoulder, and she caught gray eyes in a woman's flabby face looking at her disgustedly. She sat up and drew a long breath.

Yes, she remembered now. All these people talking and laughing at their table. They'd all come there ages ago, and this was a cabaret. That big square

box-like thing was the stage. They had been giving a performance before, but now there was only a lanky woman on it, with an anxious look in her eye that said she wasn't sure she was getting over, and she was singing "Dear Old Pal of Mine" with her mouth wide open.

"No! Look what's come ter life!" That woman looked just as horrible as she sounded.

"What's time, George?" said Amy, obviously ignoring her.

"Quarter to four. Wanna go?"

"When I finish this coffee."

She did like George, after all. He hadn't a strong face, but it was an attractive one. High, intelligent forehead, with clean-looking blond hair brushed back from it, little rolls at the corners of his mouth from holding his lips tight shut, thin nose, humorous gray eyes. He didn't look like the rest of these people—fleshy. And she liked the way he taped in at the waist.

She'd have to tell him on the way home. She'd have to. And there couldn't be any more indecision. She'd have to make up her mind about George, or about that tutoring, or . . .

She thought of the bath, slipping away from it all. No, she'd tell George. It'd be all right if she could only borrow a little of Janet's decisive spirit and make up her mind to see something through. Unconsciously she tried to adopt Janet's expression and draw her mouth into a straight line. But her lips were too soft.

"Ready now?"

She nodded, and reached for his arm to help her steer a direct line toward the door.

In the car he took her in his arms and kissed her, a long, long kiss. Then he kissed her forehead, and she liked that better. Somehow it was reassuring.

"God! I love you, Amy. You know I love you, don't you?"

She'd have to tell him now. Now. She opened her mouth and closed it again. But she must tell him. She couldn't stand it another day in that hotel. Perhaps they'd turn her out tomorrow. She'd have to tell him now. Janet, that girl next door, would do it in her place. She'd make up her mind and start. One . . . two . . .

"George, I've got something to tell you."

"What, darling?" He kissed her forehead again and tightened his arms around her.

"I'm in desperate trouble. I—I've loved to be with you all this week, but every time I've left you it's been agony at that hotel. I owe them a lot of money, and I haven't a cent and . . . They treat me abominably all the time, and I b'lieve they're going to ask me to leave. I won't have anywhere to go. George, I don't know what in the world to do. I—I. . . . Oh, George. . . ."

Slowly his arms had loosened, and as she stopped, and began crying, he let her go and turned and looked out of the window.

"You don't know what it is. It's nearly unbearable, all the time, all the time, worrying. . . ."

"Yes, I do," he said with a grim smile. "It's what's called the Universal Urge."

He looked at her, still smiling, then suddenly he took her in his arms again, but the tenderness had gone out of the embrace.

"So little Amy too. . . . Well, stop the grizzling. That's not a bit impressive. What do you want me to do?"

"I don't know what to do."

"Oh, now. Listen. You must know. How much do you owe them?"

"Two hundred—er—I'd want two hundred and fifty."

"M'm. All right. I'll pay, I guess. You'll have to wait till I can get to the bank to-morrow morning. You can leave there to-morrow afternoon and we'll run down to Atlantic City."

"George, I couldn't do that. I—oh, I don't know. It isn't I don't love you, but I just couldn't make myself. . . ."

"Oh, I see. You want two hundred and fifty as I kiss you good-bye." He didn't seem to be even enjoying holding her in his arms, and he released her absently. At last he said:

"I'm sorry, Amy. It's my way, or good-bye now. Here's your hotel. Well, good-bye. Stop that crying, now."

"No, no. Please, George, please. I can't bear it any more. I can't stand another day of it. I'll come."

"All right. I'll . . ."

"No, I can't come. Honestly, dear. I *can't*."

"We can't sit out here changing our minds all night. I'll tell you what. My number's Rector 706. If you want me to call for you in the afternoon, you telephone me early. If you don't, good-bye, Amy."

He stepped out of the car and waited for her.

"What are you going to do?" he said as they reached the elevator.

"I—I don't know."

"All right. Make up your mind before noon, though, or I'll have left town. Good-night, Amy."

III

SHE thought the elevator boy looked at her queerly, but she was used to queer looks by this time. It couldn't mean that anything had happened. Yet even before she tried her key in the door something told her it had. The key turned but the door didn't move. She made a desperate effort to believe it was her unsteadiness, that the thing wasn't closed. They couldn't have shut her out at this time of the night. But they had. It was bolted from the inside.

She was in a panic then. She couldn't do anything with that hotel manager even if she'd had the courage to face him. She couldn't get hold of George, and she hadn't money enough to go anywhere. Desperately she pounded on the door next to hers.

"Janet! Janet! It's Amy."

Janet was awakened out of a sound sleep, and when Amy slipped in as soon as the door was opened, she couldn't very well push her out again, but she showed quite clearly that was what she would have liked to do.

"Janet, they've locked my door and I've nowhere to go now. I knew it'd come. You'll let me sleep here to-night, won't you? To-morrow I'll . . ."

She had never seen Janet's face so clearly, in spite of all she had drunk. The mouth was firmer and straighter than ever, the jowls much more pronounced with her hair down. These were the people that got on in the world. Hard, selfish eyes, full of decision, and they rested on Amy with a kind of critical contempt. Janet didn't see why she should be aroused from a sound sleep to take the part of this girl who hadn't character enough to look out for herself, and as Amy looked back at her, conscious of her own dependence, they both suddenly hated each other.

Janet looked at her radiolite clock, then got back into bed.

"I don't see what I can do. This is a single bed, and there's no couch or anything. Did you see the manager?"

"No, it's no use. Janet, I'll just sit in the chair or go to sleep on the floor, if you'll let me. I'll leave in the morning, really I will."

Janet yawned.

"I'm leaving myself at noon to-morrow. I suppose you didn't telephone that agency number I gave you?"

"N—no. I—I." She looked appealingly, but Janet was making herself comfortable, tucking the covers in before turning over to go to sleep. They did not speak again.

Amy was crying silently as she took off her hat and spread her coat on the floor to lie down on. George's violets were soft and flabby, but even at the risk of making Janet mad she had to put them in a glass in the bathroom; she couldn't let them lie thirsty and cold all night on the floor with her. It was cold when she lay down and rolled herself in her coat. She hadn't any pillow, but lying face down on her folded arms was comfortable enough. At least she could cry that way without making a noise.

She was still crying when light began to filter in at the windows and she was numb with cold. She daren't take a warm bath for fear of waking Janet; and she'd have had to use some of Janet's towels.

It was morning now, and as soon as Janet stopped snoring she'd have to

decide something. This was her last morning here. By night time she'd have to have made up her mind where she was going to be, and be there.

She couldn't run away with George. It would mean smashing all she'd dreamed about ever since she was a little girl. He didn't even love her much now. It'd be sordid, horrible. . . .

Yet she couldn't go home. She hadn't the fare for one thing, and her father didn't want her now that she had a stepmother with a new baby. She'd disgraced them all getting turned out of school, and after that wire, she had sworn she'd never go. No, she couldn't go home.

There was that agency. But they probably wanted a preliminary fee, and references, and no one'd take her as a tutor or anything without baggage. That didn't seem feasible. Besides, getting into positions took time, and she had to be somewhere definite by night.

If she did slip out of it all.

Janet opened her eyes, and when she met Amy's eyes from the floor she sighed. She got up briskly, turned on the bath with a flourish and laid out her neat underthings from the drawer in a row. The buttons were all on and the ribbons were in them. She seemed clearly to be doing efficient things to create a deliberate contrast between herself and the wrinkled bunch of indecision on the floor that was Amy.

She was reaching for the Listerine when she spied the violets. Amy had got up and put out her hand quickly when she took hold of them, but Janet dropped them neatly into the waste-paper basket.

"Those flowers are dead."

"All right." Amy shook out her coat, then sat down on a chair and watched Janet get dressed.

Janet was clearly waiting for her to say something, but she couldn't say anything. She didn't know even yet what she'd do.

When Janet put on her second hair net and began fishing in the drawer for her veil, Amy felt something was expected of her, yet still she couldn't say a thing that Janet would approve of; she'd come to no definite decision. The bags had all been carefully packed the night before, and now Janet began putting nightgown, toothbrushes, bottles and things into her handbag.

"Look, Amy," she said at last. "I'm going on the noon train, but I've got some things to do downtown first, so I probably won't be back. I guess you can stay here till noon if you like. They'll have you down for my guest last night."

Amy winced, and then a flush began at her throat and crept up.

"Here's five dollars," Janet went on. "I wish it were more, but I told you father gave me just enough to last. Anyhow, it'll pay a little agency fee or the Y.W.C.A. for a night, or something. And you ought to be able to do something for yourself in a day. I'll say good-bye, then. I'm sorry you're in such a fix, but really, you know, it's your own fault. You've had lots of time to do something. Anyhow, good-bye, Amy."

"Thanks. Good-bye. I say, Janet, don't tell any of the girls."

"I'm not likely to see any of them. Good-bye. . . . Porter, please," into the telephone.

So she was gone.

Amy struggled with a very strong inclination to lie down on the bed, then finally succumbed to it. She had to do something. She had to do something! The chambermaid would be in soon, and the manager might be in too. She had to get up and go somewhere. But where? Still she lay.

A clock began striking somewhere, and she began counting the strokes. When they ended, she got up with a start. It was eleven o'clock and she had only till twelve. She saw her face in the glass, and then the sobs came again. What was the use?

The best thing was good-bye to it all. She was sorry she couldn't do it in a less messy way, but she'd leave on some of her clothes.

Very slowly she took off her dress and walked into the bathroom. She couldn't turn the faucets on full; somehow she didn't want the tub to fill too suddenly, so she let the water merely trickle into it, lukewarm. How soon the thing filled up! The bottom was already covered. She stood and watched it fascinated for a while, picturing her face, and all the disturbance. . . .

After all, was it the best way, or should she telephone the agency? No, what was the use of that? Without luggage or references or . . . yet they might do something.

She made a move to turn off the bath, then left it running. It would be full by the time she put down the 'phone probably, and then she could decide. She must decide now. She must be like Janet. Thank Heaven, Janet wasn't going to check out till noon. She could still get a number.

"Hello. . . . Murray Hill 7935. . . . Yes. . . . Murray Hill . . . 7935."

A long pause filled with clicks. The bath was three-quarters filled now.

At last a voice. She had to decide. She *had* to! Should she put down the telephone and climb into the bath or start making an appointment? Which? Quickly now! The voice again.

"Hello? Whanummerdidjucallplease?"

Decision. She must be like Janet! Straight mouth, hard eyes. Then she caught her face in the mirror. That was it, Janet's look. But no, no! Horrible. She'd grow jowls and everything. . . .

"*Whanummerdidjucall?*"

"I—I—er I. Rector 706. . . . Hello, Rector 706? Hello, George. . . ."

THE SPECTRE

By Julia Glasgow

WHAT can to-morrow bring to me
Whose yesterday was spun
Of threads so frail, and tints so pale,
They could not bear the sun?

The garish sun, so cruel and bright,
That marks each rent and strain;
Shows every blur that doth recur,
And every hidden stain.

To-morrows and to-morrows stretch
So endlessly along—
But yesterday can still or stay
Their every happy song.

SEAL WOMEN

By Helen Woljeska

ON the ocean rocks they lived and down in the dark depths, awkward and ungainly, in their fur-clothed shapelessness. But once every eternity they were allowed to slip off their uncouth disguise; then the real women emerged, the mysterious inner women, dazzling in their free beauty, daring and ravishing. And they went forth into the City of Life, and mingled with the sons of men. . . .

One night every eternity. Night of rapture and delirium! Then they had to return to dismal monotony—made doubly dismal by burning memories.

That was long, long ago.

But now—

In the suburbs of all great cities they live, the Seal Women. Day after day they drudge, wrapped up in the hampering tasks of endless household duties. Their minds are crammed to distortion with thoughts of ice boxes, dusting cloths, grocers' lists, milkmen's bills, plumbers' overcharges, Freddie's shoes, Fanny's spelling lessons, husband's idiosyncrasies, neighbours' opinion.

Only once every eternity each of them can make herself free. Alone, unwatched and unhampered, she can fly off to the City of Life! And as she approaches it, the uncouth wrappings forced upon her soul slowly, softly drop away. And the real woman emerges, the mysterious inner woman, dazzling in her free beauty, daring and ravishing! One night every eternity she may taste of life and love, she may revel in her own treasures, with feverish white hands she may toss about her fate as the juggler tosses a golden ball. . . .

One night every eternity . . .

Then she has to return to dismal monotony—made doubly dismal by burning memories.

WITH a man's autobiography, one should read between the lines. With a woman's, between the chapters.

WHEN a man says good-night, it means he is tired. When a woman says good-night, it means she is bored.

EVELYN TRIES HER WINGS

By Thyra Samter Winslow

I

EVELYN BARRON dressed rather mechanically for the evening at the Durlands', quite as she always dressed to go to places. She chatted pleasantly with her husband as she arranged her hair. Martin Barron, as usual a little ahead of her, paused to smoke a cigarette before putting on his collar. Evelyn looked at him. She congratulated herself because he was good-looking—awfully nice, in fact. Nothing extraordinary, of course, but she had been married ten years and he was pleasant and she was used to him. He seemed nearly everything that a husband should be, and quite satisfactory when compared with most other husbands she knew.

Evelyn was thirty-five. Even as she looked at herself in the glass, and was pleased, she sighingly admitted that they were both—well—getting rather settled. She was not wrinkled or anything like that, of course, but she had gained ten pounds in the past year. She pulled viciously at a gray hair. She was glad that she was not really turning wholly gray, the way some women did.

Well, it wasn't as if she were getting on alone. Martin was aging, too. His rather sandy hair was receding from his forehead. His skin, always slightly pink, was a bit redder now after meals. He had taken to wearing low collars, and with his newest lowest ones his flesh formed two rolls over the top. But Martin was awfully good. Evelyn knew that. He preferred a man as a private secretary, and even at parties he never paid much attention to other women. A few years before Evelyn had rather hoped that he would look at other women. It would have added spice to things. Still, it was of no use to borrow trouble. Good old Martin! She liked him the way he was. He gave her everything he could afford.

Theirs had been practically a love match—that is, what usually passes for a love match. Martin had fallen in love with Evelyn, brown haired, brown eyed and jolly and vivacious, at twenty-four. Evelyn, with no other love affair in the immediate foreground, had recognized his sterling qualities and his good business position and had fastened her rather nebulous affection upon him. She hadn't made a mistake. She knew that. There hadn't been anyone else she had cared for since. She had settled down into comfortable domesticity, one-half of a "little married couple" in an upper-middle-class New York set. It was not especially exciting. Sometimes she longed for thrills, but she had longed for them more years before than she did now. She was pretty well satisfied with things now, most of the time. Especially with Martin. They quarrelled a bit, of course. About trifles. But usually, Martin was awfully good.

To-night, even. Here he was, going to the Durlands' without a word, and he hated that sort of thing. Yet he went because Evelyn liked to go. Of course he would spend most of his time smoking with the men. But he went, anyhow. Evelyn couldn't go alone. In her set, though they were awfully modern about a lot of things—all of the women smoked and you could go to teas with men if you liked—it wasn't quite the

thing to go to formal parties without your husband. In any case, Evelyn couldn't have gone without *some* escort, and no other man had ever asked her to go any place with him.

She wondered, just for a minute, why she wanted to go to the Durlands'. Whenever she and Martin were invited she always made quite a point of pretending to like it. She wondered if she really did. She always felt a bit out of things. But it was different from the affairs she usually went to. Maud Durland was a writer, the only writer Evelyn knew well. She was one of those serious writers of little things who occasionally get into some of the newer literary reviews with half a column, or write a two-inch filler for a second-rate all-fiction magazine. These, when Maud Durland wrote them, seemed to have a special significance. She talked them over with her friends and her friends spoke of them when she was not with them.

She wrote exclusively about people she knew. You could pick out whom she meant if you knew her crowd. She made no money by her writing, of course, but she felt that she was in the midst of a career. Fred Durland had some sort of a remunerative, though inartistic, position connected with the coal industry, and Maud Durland spoke of it slightingly and with a patronizing sneer, though she never encouraged Fred to neglect coal for a more artistic employment.

One or two Sundays a month Maud Durland entertained with teas in her studio. Why the Durlands had chosen a duplex studio instead of an ordinary apartment, except that it was a better setting for tea parties, no one ever knew. But all of Maud's artistic friends liked it. At these Sunday affairs Maud gathered together as many kindred souls as she could find. Usually they were mostly married couples, one-half of each couple being a mild devotee of some one of the arts. Sometimes, though, couples like the Barrons were asked to fill in and appreciate. There were always a few single people, too, yearning young women in wrong colours, effeminate young men trying to remember their poses, young business men attempting, once a week, anyhow, to dip into a higher culture than their routine office work afforded them.

The Durland apartment was removed from the stigma of mere pretence by being uptown, a couple of blocks from the park. Sometimes Maud managed to get real celebrities, a man or a woman who had had things in the big magazines or who had written—and sold—a book, or verse writers who filled out the pages when fiction stories ran too short and who turned an honest penny by working, part time, for the advertising agencies.

Evelyn had been to a number of these parties. She liked the atmosphere, the being with people who counted. Always, on the way home or the next day, she reflected on Martin's stolidity and wished he "did things" instead of being in the wholesale leather business. It always took several days to make her feel kindly toward him again.

Evelyn and Maud Durland had known each other about four years. While they were not chummy and found little to talk about when they were alone, they did manage to have long telephone talks. Like most women, they found more to say over the telephone than when they were face to face. Occasionally they met at luncheon or tea. Evelyn was always awfully pleased to be included in Maud Durland's parties.

Now, her hair arranged and her face made up—Evelyn used rouge and powder, but not with any degree of cleverness—she slipped into her dress. It was rather a simple frock of dark blue Georgette crêpe, ready-made, with conventional "smart" lines, the sort of dress hundreds of women between twenty-five and fifty were wearing. It was not an inexpensive dress, but it lacked personality and effectiveness.

Evelyn pulled Martin's coat a bit, straightened his tie, kissed him carelessly on the cheek. She felt she was really very fond of him.

"All ready, old dear," she said cheerfully. "And please don't make Jeffry crawl along so. It's late now. Other

people drive faster than a mile every two hours without being arrested or having accidents."

When they arrived at the Durlands', the guests had assembled—were, in fact, already eating and drinking. Guests usually started on the refreshments immediately on arriving or as soon afterward as things were ready. Evelyn removed her coat in Maud Durland's room, an exotic room, like all of Maud's things. It was done in peacock blue and lavender enamel and was heavy with odd perfume.

Martin was waiting at the studio door, and they went into the studio together, nodding to people they knew. In fifteen minutes Martin was with a group of business husbands of artistic wives who were smoking in one corner. Soon Evelyn was listening to the usual conversation. This night there was so much talk of the punch, which was pronounced extraordinarily good, that Evelyn drank several glasses of it. She joined a group who were discussing the newer lighting for the theatre.

"You see, with this new lighting the foots are merely incidental. Get a few thousand watts and a few baby spots for a real moonlight effect—"

Then,

"Here's the man who knows about things like that—all about the theatre—writes for the stage—wrote the lyrics for 'Here Sat Miss Muffet' and 'Why Didn't You 'Phone Me?' Hey, Northrup—"

A man turned, smiled, came toward them. Evelyn gasped. He was the sort of man she liked—the sort she had fallen in love with, vaguely, whenever she fell in love, years ago, before she met Martin. She had almost forgotten that there were men of that type. It made her feel different, alert, to realize that men still looked that way. Of course, he wouldn't notice her—men didn't notice her any more—hadn't ever noticed her a great deal.

His name was Franklin Northrup, she learned. She felt, in some way, as if she knew quite a lot about him. She was a bit confused as to whether lyrics meant the words or the music to songs, but she knew it was one of them. But that didn't matter. Franklin Northrup! He was the sort of man she had always liked, the sort that had liked her, when she was younger. Younger? Well, she wasn't old—Northrup wasn't so young himself—her age or older. Why, she had been asleep, had forgotten what men were! It had been years since she had really looked at a man—really noticed—

He was good-looking. He was the type she admired, always. Blond. Martin was blond, of course, but Martin was blond in a heavy, red, sandy sort of way. Northrup was slender, almost thin. His hair was shining and smooth. She wanted rather to put her hand on it, to see if it felt as smooth and soft as it looked. What a foolish notion to have when you are married and thirty-five! His skin was pale, too pale, really, and he had lines around his mouth and rather deep shadows under his eyes. Those eyes were dark and sleepy-looking, not bright blue and stupid, like Martin's. She knew that type, cynical and yet sentimental and intense. How silly to think of such things! She liked his mouth, the upper lip rather thin, the under lip quite full. His nose was a bit aquiline. She liked him awfully well.

She wished, then, that she had not worn dark blue. You can't bring yourself out—show who you are—in dark blue. Evelyn felt suddenly that it hid her personality. A decent dark blue dress is a sort of a cloak of invisibility. Unconsciously she ran her hand through her brown hair, loosened it a trifle, pulled it a little farther over her face. She was glad she had shampooed it that morning. She was glad, too, that her eyes were brown and didn't need any make-up. She bit her lips, moistened them, leaned forward.

The others, chatting on about stage lighting, became suddenly unimportant. Everyone else became unimportant. Northrup lounged on the arm of a chair.

"This new lighting is all right, in a way," he said; "that is, they're making an effort. But, except in night scenes and things like that, I believe in enough

light. These new birds really haven't anything on Belasco, though they kid his realism. Half of these new artists don't know what they're trying to do. Take that show they put on last year—"

His voice, quite deep, drawled pleasantly. Evelyn shivered with enjoyment. He was nice. She would force him to notice her. What should she do? He knew so much about things. She leaned a trifle closer to him.

Another man came up. Evelyn barely glanced at him. He talked. Evelyn lost interest. She caught Northrup's eye.

"Warm, isn't it?" he asked. He rose, came up to her chair. "An awful crowd here, too."

"You mean?"

"Oh, these groups amuse me. They talk so much of things they don't know anything about. The theatre, for instance. You interested in stage lighting?"

"I'm one of those who don't know anything about it," Evelyn laughed.

"I know a little and it bores me a lot," said Northrup. "What about a sandwich and some punch? The old girl put a big stick in it—quite like the old days, eh? Maybe she knows that is the only way she can get a crowd."

Evelyn rose. They walked off together. Evelyn felt Northrup's hand at her elbow. She moved a trifle closer to him. His fingers tightened around her arm.

They drank several glasses of punch, nibbled at sandwiches. Evelyn was not used to drinking.

"Wouldn't you like to get out of this mob?" Northrup asked. "This chatter and near-music—I don't know why I came to this place. I live on the floor below—in one of the little un-studio apartments. Maud Durland's been worrying me for weeks to come to one of her tea fights. I didn't know they could be as mad as this. I usually don't go in for this sort of thing."

Then,

"Let's go down to my rooms and get a real drink. What say?"

"Wouldn't it seem a bit—unusual?"

"Unusual, nothing. There's been so many women in these rooms that the hallboy thinks it's a girls' boarding school. Honest, though, it's better than this racket. And a real drink. We'll just stay a minute. Oh, come on—"

"I'd love to," said Evelyn.

II

They left the studio without anyone noticing them. In the hall Northrup took Evelyn's hand and they ran down the one flight of stairs. Evelyn felt young and buoyant and carefree.

On the floor below Northrup inserted a key in the door, opened it, turned on a light.

It was the usual bachelor apartment, but Evelyn had seen few bachelor apartments. Once, when a friend of Martin's had been ill, she and Martin had visited him. Once, with an aunt, she had visited the aunt's brother-in-law's quarters. This, now, seemed wicked and pleasant and mysterious.

There was a little hall, a living-room, and beyond it the dim outlines of bedroom things. And she and Northrup were here, all alone! How much alone they seemed! There was a divan near the fireplace, Turkish rugs in rather bright colours, tables with smoking things on them, lamps with red-orange shades. These were lit now. The place was not especially artistic. The furniture was modern mahogany of rather uncertain Colonial design. But Evelyn thought it delightful.

"This is more like things, isn't it?" asked Northrup. "The air up there, cheap perfume and vile cigarettes—how do they stand it? You go to that sort of thing much?"

"No, I've just been there a few times. Maud Durland is an old friend of mine and she insisted that I come. It's rather fun, though, watching people."

"Fun enough. I like this."

"This—oh, yes."

Northrup went into the little kitchenette. He made a great clatter with shakers and glasses and returned in a minute or so with two rather warm

cocktails. Evelyn had to make a face over hers. Then they each had another. Evelyn declined a third, but Northrup finished them.

"It's a good thing," he said, "that drinking never affects me. I've been pouring things down all evening. Some miserable highballs Ed Benchley had at dinner, then a lot of that awful punch upstairs, and now these. If I couldn't stand a lot, now that prohibition is here, I don't know how I'd ever get along—"

Northrup sat near Evelyn on the couch. He touched her hand, caught her fingers and smiled.

"We're going to be friends, aren't we?" he asked.

Evelyn felt, suddenly, as if all of her youth had come back to her. She felt the way she had felt, years before—before she had met Martin. A funny little choking feeling, far down in her throat—she had nearly forgotten that—not in years—. She felt a sudden lightness, almost an ache of happiness. So—she could still care—could thrill—. Northrup—how handsome he was!

Northrup got up lazily, punched at some logs already laid in the fireplace and touched a match to the paper under them. It flared up. The logs blazed a moment later. He turned out the orange lights.

"This is what I like," he said, "just you and I. Somehow, from the minute I saw you, you seemed different . . . the sort of woman who gets things—not like most women . . . as if I'd known you a long while."

"I—I felt like that, too," admitted Evelyn. "There was something about you that reminded me, some way, of someone I must have known ages ago. I—you're rather different from most men—you seem . . ."

"You've noticed that, then? It's only with a few women—just a few, that I dare to be myself. Most women are a stupid lot, crude. I shrivel up, mentally, when I am near them. But there is something about you—I can be myself with you. You have a sympathy . . ."

"I'm—I'm glad you feel that. I can't express myself with most people. But you . . ."

Northrup talked about her—Evelyn talked about him. They said sentimental, romantic things, the sort Evelyn had almost forgotten. A moment later Northrup's arms were around her. She should have resisted, of course. She knew that. But, instead, she hid her head in his coat, a nice coat, pleasantly smelling of tobacco. Martin's clothes smelled of tobacco, too, but this was different, more masculine—something.

With one hand Northrup raised her head, looked at her. Then he kissed her. It was a pleasant kiss. She had forgotten—perhaps had never known—that anyone could kiss like that. It left her a bit breathless. The choking thrill was in her throat again. How nice it was to be kissed—like that—and by a man without a moustache! Martin's kisses were so hurried and moustachy and bristly—you couldn't feel his lips, even—and unemotional.

They stood up, then. Northrup went to the piano.

"I shall make up a song for you," he said, "a song just as dear and lovely and sweet as you are, a song that will always remind me of you—"

His fingers struck indefinite chords. Then he played a plaintive, sentimentally pretty little air, improvising words in a husky, deep voice. Suddenly he stopped with a crash, turned around, caught Evelyn in his arms and kissed her again. She loved the roughness of his caress.

"You dear, you dear!" he said, over and over, very softly.

"I must go—I really must," Evelyn said. "I—I don't know why I act this way. I don't do this sort of thing, you know—really. What do you think of me? Coming in here at all and now . . ."

"I think you're a dear, a darling . . . why, child, I love you . . . I do, really . . ."

"I must go . . ."

"Tell me you're fond of me . . ."

"Of course . . ."

He caught her, kissed her again. She

went to the door. They were out in the hall . . . up in the studio again. The lights seemed brighter and more glaring, the voices shriller than ever. No one had missed them. They joined a group who were discussing plagiarism—how much it was possible to take—not steal, of course—from some other writer, without really doing anything wrong. Evelyn was surprised at herself when she voiced an opinion. The lights were dancing a bit. She felt as if she were breathing something much lighter than air. Northrup drawled replies. She caught his eye, dropped her own eyes, met his again. A delicious secret was between them. These other people—how stupid they were—they didn't know—couldn't guess what had happened—while they had been talking about nothing at all.

Couples were beginning to leave. Evelyn went to the dressing-room, added powder to her face, pulled her hair out a little more at the sides than she usually wore it, put on her coat. In the hall, as Martin stopped to speak to someone, Northrup joined her.

"You're going to see me?" he asked.

"Of course."

"May I telephone you?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Any time you like. Not—not in the evening, though."

"Oh, no."

He put a card into her hand.

"Here's my 'phone number. I'm here most of the time. I do my work here, you know. We'll have tea—some day this week . . ."

"Lovely . . ."

Other people separated them. He was gone. Evelyn slipped the card into the pocket of her coat.

III

On the way home Evelyn scarcely noticed Martin. She was very happy, thinking. They must have talked, though, for later she remembered that she had answered questions that he had asked her. The ride seemed rather bumpy. That's all she remembered definitely about it.

At home, she undressed slowly, in a sort of daze, still with the lovely, breathless feeling in her throat. In bed she snuggled in the pillows, closed her eyes.

It didn't seem possible—and yet—this had happened to her . . . Northrup—Franklin Northrup—his hand . . . his lips on her lips—kisses—his arms around her, roughly tender.

She slept restlessly, waking up for long periods of pleasant thoughts. When she awoke in the morning Martin was already splashing in the bathroom.

"You don't mind if I don't get up for breakfast?" she called. "Marie will have things the way you want them. I've a headache."

"Sorry. Don't bother, of course. Lie with your eyes closed—you'll feel better."

A few minutes later Evelyn heard Martin awkwardly pulling down the shades. She was more annoyed that he was there at all than she was grateful for his thoughtfulness. He interfered with her thoughts about Northrup.

Martin finished dressing and stood beside her bed, put a hand on her shoulder.

"Feel better?"

"Yes, a little. I'll be all right." She didn't like the feel of his hand, shrugged it away, pulled the covers higher.

He stamped out of the room in an attempt at quiet. She heard him in the dining-room, a faint clatter of dishes. Finally he left the house. She sighed with relief when she heard the door close.

Northrup . . . now she could think comfortably of him again. He seemed vague now, but still dear. She knew she should have felt guilty. She knew Martin's theory about things like that. She had heard him express it so many times. If a woman has an affair with another man—and this was an affair in a way—not only is the woman cheating her husband, but the other man knows he is making a fool of the husband, too, and thinks of him accordingly.

In theory it seemed quite all right. Evelyn didn't want anyone to make a fool of Martin—he was her husband. But she remembered Northrup, his sleek light hair, his full underlip, his half-closed eyes—how dear he had been when he had kissed her. He did care, of course. He'd ring her up to-day—this morning. Of course, he'd telephone, just to talk to her, to assure her she hadn't imagined things . . .

She bathed slowly, taking as long as possible. She put some of her best bath powder in the water. Then she dried briskly and rubbed talcum powder into her skin. She examined her body in the long mirror of her bathroom. She did have rather nice lines—for thirty-five. Her body was straight and white. Of course—that was silly—thinking things—she might kiss Northrup again, of course. But nothing further. It would be dangerous—more than that. She was quite comfortably settled. She had heard often enough that you can keep a man caring for you only as long as you don't yield too definitely to him. A few kisses . . . yes. She closed her eyes and imagined herself in Northrup's arms again.

She knew that he would not call, especially this morning, without making an appointment. But she put on her best negligée of rose-coloured chiffon and braided her hair in a long braid down her back. She felt that it made her look younger arranged that way.

He would telephone about eleven. Of course he was the sort who rose late. Until ten she busied herself with little things, a bit of torn lace on another negligée, reading the newspapers and her mail. What uninteresting mail—impersonal things from a lot of women—and advertising! Why had she ever let herself get so settled?

That was it. Really, she was not old or settled at all. Thirty-five isn't old. Why, summer was barely over. This was a coming back to youth again—a sort of Indian summer. Of course. She would be as lovely as she had ever been. Lovelier! She had learned things about life, about men, that a young girl could never know. After all ten years of marriage ought to have taught her something—how to get along with men, anyhow.

The telephone did not ring at eleven. But Northrup could ring up at any time—in the afternoon, even. He'd said something about tea. Maybe he'd ask her to-day . . .

What could she wear, to tea?

She went to her clothes closet, opened it wide, examined her things. Suddenly a great truth about clothes seemed to come to her. She knew, vaguely, that she had known it before, that some young women knew it—some older ones, too—but that she had forgotten it entirely. The truth was that there are definitely two kinds of clothes—clothes that women wear for men and clothes that women wear for other women. She knew now, as she had known, years before, that some women dress just for men. She saw them every day. Yes, she had degenerated in clothes, if she had ever been different. For her clothes were picked out because they were "stylish," because they were the clothes other women liked.

She took down a black satin dress. Yes—that was it—for women. Seated on the edge of her bed, she snipped at the neck. It was too high, of course. Lower, a bit of dainty lace. That's what men like—plain things, but striking and dainty and cuddly. Of course, she had known that all the time. How could she have let herself go? Yet she had felt that she had been keeping up with things. She felt that she knew, instinctively, now, the kind of clothes she wanted.

She finished the black dress, altered another gown with a few stitches. She'd have a seamstress in the house. She knew what her clothes needed—shorter sleeves, lower necks and touches of lace at the throat, hats that were little and trim and would show her hair at the sides, or big hats, floppy and mysterious. How could she have forgotten? Why hadn't she dressed that way always? She would show Martin that she really needed clothes, get him to buy her some.

Martin . . . what a stupid, impossible

fellow he was! How could she have ever thought differently? How stupid to let her put things over him. Why, she could put anything over Martin.

Then it came to her that she didn't want to put things over Martin, that she didn't want to consider him or have to worry about him at all. Why, his being around, the necessary thoughts about him, were really too stupid, too dreadful. She didn't want him near her at all, in any way.

Martin—how could she have stood him all these years? How could she have liked him—stupid and awkward and dull, with his bristly moustache and his unfeeling kisses? She couldn't stand him any more. That was certain. If she went away . . .

She dreamed, then, over her sewing. After all—if she left Martin . . . could get a divorce . . . Martin would be good enough to let her get it . . . then she could marry Northrup. That was it—marry Northrup, be with him all the time . . . wait for him in the evening, as she waited for Martin now.

Martin . . . what good was Martin, anyhow? She remembered, then, that Martin had increased his life insurance. It was all made out to her. If anything happened to Martin . . . an automobile accident . . . Martin made Jeffry drive very carefully, but didn't accidents happen every day? Twenty-five thousand dollars—that was something. Even the interest on that, with what Martin had saved . . . not so much, but she wouldn't have to go to Northrup penniless, anyhow. She pictured Martin dying of half a dozen painless illnesses or accidents, saw herself his devoted nurse, saw herself in widow's weeds, very becoming ones . . afterwards . . . a few weeks afterwards . . .

She ate luncheon, hardly noticing what was served to her. It was two o'clock. Northrup had not telephoned. Martin telephoned to tell her he had got seats for a play she had wanted to see—she was to meet him at the hotel where they were to dine at seven. Plays, restaurants . . . they seemed stupid now, empty, without Northrup—if he could be there—if she were with him.

What if he didn't know her telephone number? She had told him, of course, but it was a difficult number to remember. It was not in the telephone book. Maybe he didn't even remember her name. That was delicious—and he had kissed her!

She got his card from her dressing-table drawer, where she had put it the night before, fingered it, went to the telephone. She would call him, say just a word, ring off. He'd want to talk more with her then. She felt that she must hear his voice, low, deep, tender. What lovely things he had said to her!

She gave the number to the operator. Her voice broke into a falsetto. The line was busy. She drew little idle squares on the fancy telephone book cover some woman had given her for Christmas. A minute later she rang again. She heard central ringing the number this time. A minute's ring. A masculine voice. Then:

"Well?"

"Is this Mr. Northrup?" Evelyn asked in her softest tones.

"No. It's Northrup's apartment."

"May I speak to him, please?"

A pause, then:

"Who is this, please?"

"Mrs. Barron."

He was at home, then. She would hear his voice in just a minute. He had company—of course, that was why he hadn't telephoned her.

"I'll see if Mr. Northrup is at home."

She waited. It wasn't a servant's voice. Northrup had said that he had a Japanese valet who took rather good care of him, but Evelyn felt sure it wasn't a Japanese who had answered the telephone. How could a visitor not know if Northrup were at home?

The same voice:

"I'm sorry, but Mr. Northrup isn't in. If you'll leave your number, I'll have him call you when he returns."

Evelyn gave her number, hung up the receiver. What did it mean? Northrup not at home—and the other man had to find out—in a two-room apart-

ment! The voice had sounded rather amused, but of course that was imagination. But, if he weren't at home, why hadn't he telephoned to her? If he were at home, why didn't he want to speak to her? Because another man was there? It hadn't been Northrup's voice, though. Of course that wasn't possible.

She wandered around the apartment. The day had turned from gray to a misty rain. It was not nice enough to go out. Evelyn hated rain. Anyhow, until seven there really was no place to go. She telephoned the garage, so that her car would call for her at half-past six.

She played a little on the piano, but she did not play very well. Then she put a roll in it—it was one of the reproducing players that played not badly for its kind. She chose several sentimental rolls, and then, seated on the couch in quite the same position she had sat the night before on Northrup's couch, she thought of him. She tucked one hand under her cheek, the way his hand had been under her cheek. Didn't he care, really?

Her restlessness grew greater. She must talk to someone. She rang up two women friends. They were not at home. Then she thought of Maud Durland. Of course! Maud could tell her things about Northrup. She wouldn't say much—nor let Maud suspect. Maud was always having affairs with other men, but she was the first to talk if anyone else had a little affair. Maud was at home.

"You had the most wonderful party last night," Evelyn started in gaily enough. "You do have lovely parties."

"Yes." Maud's tone was pleasantly self-congratulatory, "everyone seemed to have a nice time. Some punch, eh? Rogers and Maxwell and Hamilton each brought bottles, and I said, 'Oh, be a sport and dump 'em all in the punch,' and they did, and see what happened. Nothing exploded, at that, but it did add quite a lot of pep to the party."

"It certainly did. I didn't neglect the punch, you bet. By the way, tell me about a man I met—rather interesting—Northrup, his name was—"

"Franklin Northrup. He lives in my building. Does lyrics. A dear, isn't he?"

"Rather nice."

"Northrup had a beautiful bun on, did you notice? Still, he's more fun with a bun on than not. Knows how to carry it. He's rather a dignified, retiring fellow when he's strictly sober, if at all. He—he didn't by any chance make love to you, did he, Evelyn?"

"Why—the idea—why of course not . . ."

"Yes he did, Evelyn. Naughty, naughty! Don't tell fibs to mamma! But don't let that worry you. He's forgotten all about it to-day. Meet him to-morrow, sober, and he'll be a perfect gentleman. Meet him a bit stippled and he'll start in all over again. He's the lovin'est man anyone ever saw. No harm, you know—you needn't feel 'ruint' over it or anything like that. He's just sort of soft and sentimental. And Evelyn, he'd make love to a post or one of the Hartman girls if he were in the mood. When he's sober he's in love with Marjorie Blake. He dedicates all of his music to her. And did you notice a tall, dark-haired fellow named Stillman—?"

IV

MAUD talked on. When she had finished, Evelyn hung up the receiver rather limply and sunk back into her chair. So—Northrup was just a sort of a . . . a town lover! He acted that way to everyone! And, when he was sober, he was in love with Marjorie Blake! And Marjorie Blake was a dancer about twenty, slender and blonde and dimpled, a typical ingénue with blonde curls and a naughty smile, all pink and white and young . . . and here she, Evelyn, was thirty-five and she had thought—hoped—that Northrup . . .

Suddenly, she hated Northrup and his love-making. How dared he kiss her—because he had been drinking? If she ever saw him again she wouldn't

speak to him at all. And he hadn't even had the decency to apologize—or to talk to her when she called him on the telephone! What a fool he must think her. She hated herself—she had been drinking a little, too. She hated him worst of all.

It was time to dress for dinner. Evelyn dressed hurriedly, putting on the gown she had altered in the morning. How cheap it looked—like a shop-girl's with the neck cut so low! It was too late to alter it and they were dining too informally for evening clothes. How silly she had been this morning about dresses! Why, she dressed very well for her position, nice things and conservative. What idiocy to think that men like one sort of thing and women another. Northrup—she shuddered.

The telephone rang. Evelyn ran to answer it herself. It was to announce that her car was waiting. She put on her hat, tucking her hair in neatly at the sides. Why—she was middle-aged . . getting middle-aged! Indian summer indeed! She didn't even know any men except awful friends of Martin's and the husbands of her friends. There wasn't anyone who gave her any attention at all. And now—one man, after drinking terrible punch and worse cocktails, had put his arm around her—kissed her—and it had kept her from sleeping, worried her all day. Even now there were dark circles under her eyes.

Martin . . . oh, he was all right. She liked him, of course. Their life would go on, together, just the same. But now Evelyn knew that in some way this dipping into youth or an attempted youth had robbed her of something rather important—of really liking Martin—of appreciating him. She had looked up to him. But from now on Martin would be just a husband—unimportant—getting bald and fat. But then, she was just a wife, getting grey and fat, too, without an adventure. Indian summer. Evelyn doubted whether there really was such a season.

FROM THE CHINESE OF HOW KUM

By Edwin H. Blanchard

I

So Now I Know

I HAD set sheets of gummed paper,
And yet a few flies still buzzed.
So now I know
Why there are always some bachelors.

II

That Creation

The fable is wrong.
When woman was made,
Man lost,
Not a bit of his ribs,
But his head.

SUNDAY

By Amanda Benjamin Hall

I

"AUNT NANCY," was the way Carol put it, "do you ever feel like—not breaking the Sabbath exactly—just bruising it?"

The child's tone, lightly ironical, modernly naïve as it was, yet betokened a pent-up desperation alarming in one of her years. She had formed the habit of dropping in upon me Sunday afternoons when I had shuddered away to my room, of draping herself disconsolately about the window frame or sitting like a dumb animal that wants comforting, her spirit curiously withdrawn from her eyes, her hands helpless, her bright legendary hair in disorder. The atmosphere would be fretted by all those unspoken, untrained thoughts, like a raw army fumbling into rebellion.

"It's like the taste of tin," she ruminated in her precocious way, "Sunday here!"

It was because she was growing articulate that I was shocked. It had been weeks and weeks, months and months developing, this disease of discontent, ever since she finished school and took the first long, wise look about her. She had only now come to the point of diagnosing her illness and daring to dream of a cure. Foreston was drab and contained no tenor voice to sing away the soul, no corners about which lurked adventure, scant food for the imagination to feed on. And it was all of these my highly organized Carol desired. So I became genuinely alarmed and I told her. I told her how Sunday is a symbol for women such as we and what it means to break it.

II

IT happened years ago, but that spot in my recollection stays sore. (My dread is that it should heal.) It stands out of the past like black pepper pasted on white, or the reverse. Had it occurred on any other day but Sunday I might have lost it eventually among the anonymous Tuesdays and Wednesdays that go to make up the thickly populated year. But Sunday's identity is unmistakable. Therefore I had fifty-two reminders in the year, and when you come to multiply that number by fifteen you can see how the thing has perpetuated itself.

I was a little past Carol's age, but whereas Carol has the abandonment of youth I was already committed to a cylindrical skirt that eclipsed my ankles, to a strong-minded blouse and a neat (dear God, how neat!) blue serge suit. I looked the proper person to be emerging from our gray house on Elm street, the house with four proud Corinthian columns and a brass door-knocker. I looked the offspring of my paternal parent, General Atwood, who wears a ramrod down his venerable back and carries the best traditions of New England under his arm. I looked the daughter of a mother who has been sheltered to the age where she may wear lace fichus and a cap as diploma of a spotless life. We are all charitable without being generous; we are all well-educated. We have a standard for everything, even for the position of the jam jar in the butler's pantry.

Events have always wiped their noses and cleared their throats and cleaned

their shoes before crossing the threshold. So far as I know, we never had a black sheep; the worst sheep of all was only a middling gray. Rose, my sister, married and died, and Carol is the bud she flung in the window. It is sometimes a bit dizzying, she smells so sweet.

But to continue—Sunday is the symbol, the summing-up of all we are, constricted, churchgoing people. To achieve disguise is impossible on Sunday. There are no little rustling silks of activity, not even any rags or tatters of disorder to make one human, no vexations or colourful pleasures. Everything lets down then and you count your wrinkles in the mirror, you are defenceless to the church bell's chiming, you are appallingly aware that there is no real occupation to which you can turn your defrauded hands or your poor revolving mind. And you go to church fatalistically. Then there is the stained glass window of sunlight on the Mount of Olives to tease your hungry sense of beauty or, through the open pane, a single spray of Japanese cherry blossom, or a foot-free cloud to have its way with you.

The afternoons are most typical—Elm street sanctified out of all semblance to familiarity, and though there are comfortable, fed families that stroll, you see only the spinsters, spinsterhood and Sunday, Sunday and spinsterhood! Thin, dead women, courageous to walk, figures unfulfilled, noses blue as barometers of cold hearts, speech high and affected, as though this unfortunate estate carries its consolation of high, thin honours. Then the family hour of gathering to entertain the poor, pompous, ridiculous ghosts abroad at this hour, and the being perfectly sure that they will make your tea and cinnamon toast do for their supper.

I was twenty-five at the time, but I knew that I should be an old maid, and I will tell you how:

Because in order to keep the door-knocker polished I was obliged to teach school, because my mother had never permitted my hair to leave the straight and narrow path; because when a young man called on me, my father, adjusting his ramrod, would stalk in and review the Civil War. But most of all I was sure of it because of the kind of Sundays I had been made to match. I passed through all the stages that Carol is experiencing now, and then one Sunday I went a little mad.

I had pleaded a headache to omit church (headaches are the one indulgence permitted on Sunday), but I started out for Sunday-school before noon.

It was the last of May, very soft and enravishing, the weather! I remember the pink magnolia tree at the corner of Elm and Pleasant streets that had bloomed lustily and was shedding its great ungrudging petals on the ground. I took its example fiercely to myself. That was the way I longed to be, a definite, bold, outpouring thing while youth lasted; afterward I should not mind the frost. As I walked along a few hot, vehement tears came to my eyes and I wiped them on the backs of the brown *glacé* gloves I always connected with the act of worship.

I sneered at everyone I met, poor pathetic little girls with petticoat ruffles round their hats and long broomstick legs; vestrymen walking in their aroma of mothballs, servant girls with flat feet and righteous, comic faces; young men who sing in choirs, all soapy from the Saturday night bath. Only the small boys caught my fervid fancy, stubbing along to Sunday-school with a sling-shot for God.

I knew that I must pass the church, but I was bathed in perspiration when I did so, for it looked at me with all its windows. The next quarter of a mile was easier, my step springing off the pavement as though on rubber balls. A little breeze cooled my face, sensuous with violets.

This breeze told me what I wanted. I wanted to see the ocean; I was fanatic for its blue and its unorthodox breath of salt. So I took a train and went there. I chose a resort popular the whole year round; a careless-hearted place, the very antithesis of Foreston. An hour's run by train, then, presto! I

was at large on the gay boulevard by the sea, a broad promenade, animated by enthusiastic pedestrians.

A great bottle of bluing had seemingly been spilled in the water, and below, on the white shingle of sand, ponies were trotting up and down, carrying delighted children on their backs. There was the usual racy, exciting tang of salt, much colour and optimism everywhere, so that I felt kindly disposed even toward the flashy element of women whose conspicuous ankles and intriguing dress outraged propriety. I remember I bought a hotdog from a pushcart and enjoyed it immensely till I discovered a long black hair in the sandwich. But the incident did not depress me for long.

Heavens, how I walked and exulted! I was proud to be a factor of the crowd, so untrammelled, so unstudied. Not one but interested me, from the pampered young girls in furs and straw hats to the brisk bloods in spats who swung their canes and looked about them with vagrant eyes. In that mood I suppose I should scarcely have considered that anyone soiled my New England ear by speaking to me.

I am certain that it was the last time I ever looked definitely pretty; I felt delicious to myself, fresh, democratic, gaily responsive. I outwalked them all, swift through the sparkle and sunshine to where even the hotels grew tired. There were quiet pavilions over the water and into one of these I strayed to rest and luxuriate in the prospect of sea and sky. It was amusing to watch the fishermen below, knee deep in the tattered waves and calling out to one another as they braced back, holding their rods staunchly. A few nurses and children were in evidence too, the babies tumbling about in frocks as curly as lettuce leaves. There were also companionable, interested dogs, and presently one of them trotted in and lay his head on my knee, a dear beast!

I had been under the impression that I was alone in the pavilion till suddenly, and to my astonishment, I saw another hand on the dog's back, a distinguished hand, wearing an intaglio-cut ring of dark lapis lazuli.

Slowly, yet with a kind of fascination, almost knowing what I should find, I glanced up to meet the eyes. They were leaf-brown eyes, between narrow lids, and they looked at life in a musing, utterly unastonished way. Below them was a sleepy, friendly, unaggressive smile. He wore an overcoat of a soft English cut, a heather mixture with moss tones in it and a narrow bar of brown. I think any woman would have liked his looks and his evidence of good taste. At that time good taste seemed to amount to credentials. And so I was prepossessed by him. (This is only a conventional manner of speaking. His hand on the dog's back had done something queer to me. His eyes did other things. His gray-green coat made me go soft and weak all over. He had come, you see, at the right moment!)

Immediately I stopped petting the dog and looked away, and although I could not see his face I was morally sure that his smile had gone in. If he spoke I must rebuke him. If he did not speak, illogically I must speak to him. I waited. Curious how the guarded girl is defenceless without her dragons to protect her, how her superficial reserve falls away and she is revealed, the same uncomplex creature as Judy O'Grady. But the stranger saved me; he said in what the novels call "a well-modulated voice":

"I owe you an apology. I have been following you."

The sea went round in a dizzy kaleidoscope, and my mouth got dry.

"Following me. . . ?"

I was ecstatic, but I had been well brought up.

"And what right," I asked hypocritically, following the good old rule, "had you to follow me?"

His hand on the dog's fur moved very slowly, as though with the motion he clarified his thought.

"You smiled at me, at something, ever so far back, and then you were walking so fast, like Atalanta, you seemed to challenge. You must never

walk that way," he added fairly, "if you do not wish to be followed."

This was news to me. My face was suffused and I thought I should die of palpitation.

"Oh," my conscience began to function, "sometimes I do smile—at my thoughts. Perhaps that was one of them, and if so I'm very sorry. I couldn't have smiled *at you* because I never remember seeing you before."

Although the statement was literally true I knew that I lied. I knew that he was the inevitable one my dreams had been trying to delineate.

Little gold flecks began to dance in his sleepy eyes.

"I suppose I can't take offence at your never having seen me before," he drawled. "Only—if you should ever forget me now." He had an unfair advantage; even at that stage he managed to know what had happened to me. "Would you mind if I were to sit and recover from my mistake?"

The dog was tumbling about him in friendly fashion, and I thought, "Animals have judgment; you can't fool an animal." Besides, I was suddenly aware of how incomplete my adventure had been. The warm, fraternal impulse of the day had made me its accomplice.

"I do not mind your sitting," I conceded in what I congratulated myself was a sufficiently blasé voice, and I drew my skirts aside with a careless hand.

As I did so he must have remarked those dreadful *glacé* gloves, because he frowned and observed in a manner that would have been offensive had it been less dreamy:

"They are very slippery gloves. A fly would fall off;" and with irresistible impudence, "why do you wear them?"

"To pray in," I said shortly, my face crimson, and thereupon he threw back his head and laughed.

"But you're not praying now!"

I shook my head.

"I'm breaking the Sabbath," I blurted, so brimmed with delicious guilt that it was necessary to confess to the first listener.

"I understand. That's why I followed. To help you break it successfully."

I started in apprehension, but once again it was the dog that reassured me. He was panting up into my companion's face, begging him to throw a stick. And, because I wanted to believe in that engaging face, the smile, the eyes, and the green plaid overcoat, just as the Airedale did, without fuss or suspicion, I accepted all that he said with the smile of sublime ignorance. He was neither bold nor inquisitive nor, in any sense, the stereotype "masher." He was only natural and leisurely and naïve in the charming, unstudied way of very sophisticated people.

Conversation flowed between us and the minutes skimmed away, smooth and unhurried, like sea-gulls resting on their wings. Practically no one in Foreston was spontaneous. Speech was always carefully weighed and even then given forth in short measure. But Green Coat was no canny grocer to tip the scales with his thumb. He had a brilliant, negligent mind, but one which was like Jack Horner's pie. It was odd how he anticipated all I had to say.

"Do you know Foreston?" I was innocent enough to ask, and he nodded gaily.

"I have never been there but I know it quite well."

I took him literally and I was incredulous. He waved his hand indulgently.

"The smoke of the four winds is in my eyes," he explained simply, "and after all, every New England town is concocted by the same recipe. The inhabitants correspond to raisins, currants and citron; they do best in a cool place."

"Then," I gasped, feeling far too typical, "what am I?"

"You are scarcely yet a raisin," he answered whimsically, "you were only evolving from the grape state and have retained most of your sweetness. It's a pity you should be wasted on an insipid pudding."

As I look back upon it now I perceive that although we talked volumes our conversation amounted to the construc-

tion of my New England character, my potentialities, inhibitions, and what he called my "tiny, tempestuous desires." He told me that he was a writer and his name was Ballinger. Merely that, and though I should have liked to know more, it was almost enough to have him sitting beside me in the sea-wind, half shielding me by the angle of his body in the gray-green, beguiling coat. Somehow I had told him about the magnolia tree at the corner of Elm and Pleasant streets and capitalized its significance.

"So you want to shed your petals," he mused, "all in a splendid shower." And looking into my eyes with a deep fixity, "poor little plant, poor little plant."

I nodded emphatically.

"To-day I've been myself. I never met myself before and I'm fearfully impressed."

Suddenly he touched me on the arm; he looked authoritative and resolute.

"Come, walk," he urged. "You may have noticed there's a rainbow at the end of the beach, and though they say only fools chase rainbows I know differently. It's the height of wisdom to pursue one, and that's why you are so wise although so divinely foolish."

I regarded him with superstitious adoration. I had no notion of why I was "divinely foolish," but I sensed that he had implied a compliment, and I flushed down to my heart and back again. We were leaving the kiosk and stepping buoyantly down on to the hard sand.

"Of course you can walk," he said. "You often take long walks Sunday afternoon while the other members of your family are digesting the sermon aloud."

I think I gave his arm a little squeeze.

"Oh, how—how is it possible for you to know everything?"

He answered with a slant look of his brown omniscient eyes:

"I am a magician. Here's the proof. I know also that your mother has never allowed you to curl your hair."

He laughed in enjoyment of my surprise.

We were away from the crowds now, cutting through wind and sunshine along the silver crescent of beach.

"Take off your hat," he begged boyishly, "and give the sun a chance with it."

"Shall I?" I was shy about looking up.

There seemed something not quite nice in the idea of removing one's hat out of doors and before a stranger. Seeing my discomfort, he ruminated:

"I realize, of course, perfectly that you were born with your hat on, but when you die it will be different. No hats allowed in Heaven—I'm certain on that score."

I was laughed out of my priggishness and the two long hatpins were unskewered. Witchpins he called them, and shuddered. Then:

"Ah, how different you become, Jane, or is it Lucy or Sue?"

"Nancy," I answered and was mortally ashamed.

"Nancy," he tasted the word experimentally and ended by nodding. "Even better, more wistful and domesticated. And your hair is beautiful, Nancy, heavy and dull like—"

"Molasses?" I suggested mischievously.

He winced.

"Say, rather, like pirate gold." He had taken my hat in an absent manner and now scrutinized it sharply. "It is a graduate," he decided, "of the New England cold storage plant." And the next minute, "Forgive me, the wind carried it out of my hand."

To my horror I looked and saw it . . . its seven dollars' worth of straw and cotton roses, sailing out on the lustrous swash of a retreating wave. Conceive of my panic! It was as though with the hat had gone my last hold on respectability, and I burst into tears.

"Don't, don't," he pleaded in contrition. "Fancy weeping over anything so ugly; fancy wasting your immortal tear. I'll buy you another, little Nancy, and you may tell them at home that the old hat went under the wheels of a blue limousine with a coloured chauffeur."

I began to see why he was a writer;

there was vision and invention to all he said.

"Besides," he went on, wiping my tears away with a fine linen handkerchief, "one should not be deterred by such a trifling loss on one's way to catch a rainbow."

He dabbed my face playfully and tried to assure himself that I was not really distressed. "All this day I command you to happiness, because when you are happy you become distinctly pretty and your eyes become blue windows with a light showing through. Repeat after me, 'I am beautiful, I am young, and someone loves me!'"

"I am beautiful," I began tremulously, "I am young and—"

"I love you," he finished so simply that I could only stare and blush.

"No." I stammered idiotically, "Oh, no."

He paid no heed, only held my arm more closely and made me walk fast. The salt-sweet wind rushed into our lungs in great draughts. Some of the brilliance had left the sea and its blue was more subtle, blurring into lilac at the horizon line. At home they would be having tea, if no alarm had been taken at my absence, and I could picture poor Miss Diggins from next door wiping the moisture from her pale octogenarian's whiskers. I wish I could remember protesting to some avail against this lawless gipsying, I wish I could remember even mentioning the five-fifteen train for Foreston. But I was caught fast to the heart of romance, attuned to mysterious vibrations, and this man could take me and break me if he liked; no voice of assertion would grow from my lips.

We came presently to a ragged settlement among the dunes and Green Coat announced that there was a store here; he remembered it from one time he had come surf-fishing.

"I'll go and get some things and we'll build a fire," he proposed, and in almost a whisper he asked, "You won't run away?" Of all the things which he said to me that now seems the most sweet and cruel.

I shook my dazed, infatuated head. I stood quite still while he strode back through the heavy sand to the store, I stood as one consecrated. The colour grew and drenched me; a thin fog came in from the sea that tasted salt on the lips. I was incapable of thought but not of feeling. I seemed to feel with every atom of me, brain and body, every fibre and tissue, that here was elemental ecstasy, the Ultimate, the Absolute. When he came back, his strong, lean figure was muffled in the thin, rosy fog and I was waiting agonizingly. It had been a century he was gone. I think I ran toward him with a little cry. I remember he dropped the clumsy cooking things in the sand and we clung together. . . .

* * * * *

Carol, the wide-eyed listening child, thrust her first, soft question. She does not look like me and I am glad. Why should she look like me, being my sister's child?

"Auntie, did you love him?"

I nodded blindly. "I shed all my petals that day."

It was evening a long time after, and he, having bought me a hat, was taking me away by train and I was going to be happy for ever and always. But just before the train started he bent over me, his eyes solicitous and loving:

"I'm going into the smoker for a time, Little Nancy. I'll leave your ticket here in case the conductor comes through," and he slid it into the crack between the window and the sill. Then he hesitated. "Quite sure you're happy and that you regret nothing?"

I said:

"Nothing!"

". . . Then it's all right," and he bent and kissed me.

And after due time the conductor came through. I reached for my ticket carelessly and would have handed it to him without as much as a glance had not some impulse dictated otherwise. Perhaps it was that I wanted to read the words "New York," already blazoned upon my mind, already linked with my

future. Perhaps I read mechanically. At any rate, the result was the same. I looked down upon the tiny bit of cardboard and I saw a word so familiar that it was strange. He had bought me a ticket back to Foreston.

* * * * *

Carol had locked her arms about me with frail protectiveness, horrified, extraordinarily sorry for her defrauded spinster aunt.

"You poor thing," she kept comforting me and patted my back as though I had swallowed a bone. "But, oh, Auntie, how could you, how could you—" for fear of being indelicate she finished, "how could you break the Sabbath in just that way?"

Then I became desperately afraid of her scorn.

"Once," I defended proudly, "only once. But I have been keeping it ever since."

A BRASS ALARUM

By John McClure

I WAS as witless as the heathen kings
Whose only good was gold and minted ore,
Being too weary with too many things
Ever to think of beauty any more.

Music was nothing, nor the sound of song.
Beauty forsook me with no parting word.
I was a drudge who had forgotten long
All comely tunes that I had ever heard.

Then—was it Campion or Hesperides?—
A note of silver broke the obscene spell.
To the far chiming of old minstrelsies
My heart responded like a brazen bell.

And there was panic in my dreams once more—
Old tunes returning to the tocsin's beat.
The old dreams rampant at the brass fanfare
Trampling each other under dancing feet!
Alarums of beauty made a panic there
Like gongs of silver in a Chinese street.

SUSPICION

By June Gibson

A MAN said to his wife:

"My dear, there is no reason why you should not entertain men.

"With your wide violet eyes, pretty little nose and dimpled chin, it is not strange that you are alluring to other men.

"I have no objection to your friends coming here as often as they wish.

"I will not be here to annoy you.

"I am willing to spend several nights a week at my club.

"I am not in the least jealous, or suspicious, or selfish.

"I trust you implicitly."

* * * * *

That night, when he went out, she followed him.

CONQUEST

By Helen Hysell

MARION saw him first at a dinner. Her place at table was opposite his. But for him there existed only one woman—the dashingly verdant grass-widow at his side. Marion noticed the firm curve of his smiling mouth and thought of kisses.

A month wandered by. They happened to attend the same benefit. He was a willing victim to the charitable machinations of a delicious débutante. Marion longed to twine her fingers in his thick black hair.

Three weeks passed. He dropped into the Plaza, where Marion was having tea. With him was a woman of widely recognized brains. Marion observed the unplumbed depth of feeling in his dark eyes.

Two weeks later he revisited the Plaza, this time with a personable demi-ingénue. Marion heard his voice and her heart throbbed to the music of his laughter.

A weary week dragged endlessly. They were guests at an evening affair. His hair was awry; his voice was lifeless; his eyes sad. His lips sagged at the corners sorrowfully. Marion saw that he was struggling in the sea of disillusion, and she was glad.

Another week during which she hoped. They met again. Still sad, he was pathetically glad to see her. She smiled. She thrilled. But she shook her head at his plea for an engagement.

Seven days later he telephoned to her. He begged her to allow him to call. Marion capitulated with seeming reluctance. That night he embraced her.

It was very late when he bade her adieu. He was buoyant. He laughed at the stars.

"Another conquest," he gloated. "And so easy."

"Three months of waiting," Marion sighed wearily. "At last."

THE TEACUP

By Leonard Hinton

MAUDE HARVEY hid her husband, acting in the emergency with precision and no show of emotion. She had hidden him so often before, usually from the police. This time it was the Secret Service. Well, a degree more or less in shame—what did it matter? She wished, though—the hundredth time that day—for her brother, Raymond. Not that a man knew better than a woman what to do; often he wouldn't know as well. But the masculine presence was reassuring, and Raymond, in matters that concerned her, was gloriously dependable. For all that, she wasted no time on vain wishing. She took off her apron, smoothed back her straight brown hair, and answered the door.

To her surprise the visitor was a pretty young woman. She was dressed plainly and almost to a point of shabbiness, but there was about her a vague air of purpose and distinction. Her smile was naïve and engaging.

"Mrs. Harvey?"

"Yes."

"I'm Edith Torrance. I write for *The Common Weal.* Mr. Shelton, the editor, sent me." She stopped, evidently embarrassed. "He hoped you would talk to me about yourself, and your husband, and the work he is doing for the men in the factories. You must have a big share in that, we all feel, yet no one knows much about you. Mr. Harvey, of course, we all know and admire. But he is so big—that's just it—he won't talk about himself. There's so much that must be splendid and inspiring, that only you could tell. I suppose I'm not making it very clear, but that's why I'm here."

A woman detective! Mrs. Harvey's tired brain rallied to the challenge.

"Won't you come in?"

She was glad that her voice was low and cool, and that her hand was steady as she opened the screen door. She motioned her caller to the only rocking-chair in the room. The slowness of speech and movement that always had lent her dignity now gave precious seconds for thought.

"I've never been interviewed," she said finally. "I'm afraid I shall do it very badly. But let me make tea. This isn't a chatty place—" she deprecated the forbidding bareness of the room with a gesture of tolerant amusement. "We eat, sleep and work here. But perhaps the tea-things will improve it. Meanwhile, ask what you like, and if I can help you—"

Miss Torrance drew off her gloves hurriedly, and brought from a bag a notebook with a pencil on a string.

"That's lovely of you. I'm not a very experienced interviewer. I'll confess that when I knocked I was frightened. It seems too presumptuous, coming for a story when a great industrial crisis demands your time. I want to say, though, before I ask anything, that we folks on the *Weal,* from the printer's devil to Mr. Shelton, have been furious to-day over the stories about Mr. Harvey. The idea that he, of all men, could have planned last night's bombing! No one who ever had met him, Mrs. Harvey, could believe a lie like that."

Maude Harvey, lifting candid and grateful eyes, exulted that the hidden

man could hear. Such finished mockery was worthy his own lips. But she said:

"Thank you, dear. It is heartening to know that others share my faith in Mr. Harvey. In a way, of course, I have become calloused to calumny. We have seen so many strikes, so much trouble. And, at a time like this, there are always—lies."

She crossed to a wall-cupboard that held a few dozen dishes behind doors that long had been guiltless of glass. She found a basin, filled it at a sink in the corner, and put it to heat on a gas-plate. Then she took down two tea-cups and their saucers, a china sugar bowl and a dingy brown teapot. These arranged on a square table over which a heavy red tablecloth had been draped, she turned to her guest.

"It's only at tea-time that I wish for luxuries—for tea-wagons, and silver, and servants. I suppose all women are like that—cats in the sun. Often my young brother is with me in the late afternoon. He humours me, and we play at being plutocrats. I sometimes fancy it is more fun than the real thing."

Miss Torrance laughed sympathetically. She had risen, and stood by a window. Her eyes roamed. Suppressing a quirk of her lips, Mrs. Harvey talked on, inconsequential chatter. She had no need to look to follow the girl's inventory.

The cupboard was tight against the wall, she knew. A kitten could not have wedged behind it. No man there. Nor under the iron bed, from which the enamel had been so chipped as to render its original colour debatable. Besides the chairs, the room held a dresser of ancient design, the table, and a huge packing-case, the top of which, covered with oilcloth and littered with books and papers, served as a desk. Its cavernous interior was open to view—a disappointment, likely. The curtains were of flimsy white goods, not heavy hangings to harbour fugitives. The floor, even, was uncovered.

Martin Harvey had little to fear, for the moment at least, his wife decided. She had forgotten old insults before this to shield him in his fatal moments of cowardice. She knew her part well, and she never stumbled in her lines.

Miss Torrance came back to her main theme with something like a start.

"I think I have found the source of Martin Harvey's inspiration. The working people owe you a vast debt—one they can never repay."

"What I do is very little," Mrs. Harvey answered. Her mind was saying: "The familiar twaddle. I wonder if she knows how stale it is? What she can't know is how I hate him." Her voice was going on:

"There's so little a woman can do. To keep notes in order; to prepare food; to forget to complain; to save in small ways; it's a negative sort of service at best."

The water in the small pan was bubbling noisily.

Mrs. Harvey put tea from a baking powder can into the pot, and added the water.

Miss Torrance drew her chair to the table and scribbled on her pad.

Lies, lies, more lies, the other woman was thinking, as she watched the hurrying pencil. Pretty lies, tortured out of the poor, ugly truth. If, in the years of service, he had but let his eyes thank her, if for but a moment his lips had lost their sneer. . . . They had not always sneered.

"How long have you been married?" There was that rather appealing air of the determined novice about the question that evoked grim mental laughter.

"Twenty years. I was twenty; now I'm forty. That's simple arithmetic."

"And all that time—"

"We've been fighting other people's battles? Yes, nearly all that time. When we met, I was at art school. He was studying economics and history in night classes. We dreamed big dreams."

She paused effectively, and watched another entry grow on paper. The words "big dreams" echoed strangely, and seemed to fill the room. He had heard that, too, and would sneer at it.

But he could not have forgotten, quite. In those dreams there had been no bitterness, no secret greed masking itself as altruism.

Miss Torrance's voice was eager.

"And then—?"

"Then we married. I forgot art, and he forgot that he was to be a great lawyer. We were so happy that all the world around us seemed happy—for a time. But that couldn't last. Martin was working. There was trouble, and the men needed a leader. From that day, almost continuously, we've been adopting other people's troubles, and trying to mend them. Sometimes there's a lull—but Martin is so—unswerving—in his creed. He knows it must win in the end."

"He is magnificent," declared the girl. "The millions that work never have had such a champion."

Wrath was rising in the older woman's blood. Right, she thought. Never such a champion of violence, and red riot; never such a cunning fomenter of discord, such an ally of arson, treachery, murder—the slaughter of innocents—Oh God!

She poured the tea.

"I'm sorry if you like lemon. Our strike allowance hardly permits of such a delicacy."

Miss Torrance took her tea with a little cry of delight.

"What an exquisite cup! A perfect beauty. I didn't know there were any so lovely. I wonder—has it a history?"

"Yes, there's a story." Maude Harvey conquered a nausea that threatened to end the comedy. If Raymond would only come, with his youth, and sanity, and strong pleasant laughter.

She summoned desperate reserves of charm. This was her best, her worst, the story of the teacup. She had told it but seldom, when need had been greatest. This, she supposed, was the supreme opportunity.

"A brilliant young miniature painter, a friend of mine in the old days, made it a wedding present. We hadn't many, as you can imagine."

Miss Torrance was turning the cup in her fingers. From delicate gold-lined frames opposing each other on the porcelain shell looked faces: one, a man's, clear of outline, darkly handsome; the other, a woman's, wistfully beautiful, not too distinct, shadowed hauntingly.

The reporter looked from the pictured face to that of her hostess.

"Is it—are they both—portraits?"

"Yes." Mrs. Harvey sighed lightly. "They were supposed to be, though they flattered, as portraits by a friend are sure to. Now one must have very keen eyes to see the resemblance. We haven't lived hothouse lives. But I'm glad to have kept that —'rosemary for remembrance.' A hundred times I've despaired of it. It has tumbled about, and been lost in our wanderings. Once a friend borrowed sugar in it while I was away. I was a gloom-cloud for days until she returned it. I have come to regard it as our good fairy. It has been with us so long—always, it seems. There's in it our hope for a place in the sun, that we gave up for—this. And somehow, no matter how determinedly one puts that sort of thing aside, even for an ideal, it lingers, doesn't it?"

Miss Torrance took no notes. She sipped her tea as from a communion vessel. Mrs. Harvey sensed that the moment was right. She spoke with deep feeling.

"That is what hurts most when an affair like this bombing occurs, and Martin is suspected. At heart he is like me, a child that wants the world to be happy, at peace with itself and him. In all the little wars we've served in, his has been the voice for peace—when it could be had with honour. Never has he countenanced a blow that rightfully could have been avoided. And then—tragedy, the killing of innocent office people—girls and boys—"

She stopped, her voice trembling. She gazed into her own heavy, cracked teacup, not daring to seek a verdict in the girl's eyes. As she carefully gauged the silence, her thoughts flew back to her husband and brother. She

hoped—if only she had the right to hope, that the boy some day would revenge the agony—

"I wish you could have met my brother," she went on at last. "He is one of us. To Martin he is like a son. We both have so wanted—children—of our own."

Her voice was as it should be, all gentle regret, resignation — but her soul was writhing. He had denied her that, too . . . the supreme right of those early, happy years, when she had thought him worthy.

"He has a room upstairs. Just now he is—out of town. Knowing him, you would realize that our love of peace is no pose. He is all laughter, all brave good-natured boy. A baby brother, you see, just twenty-three. He will serve, but in a different way. He is working for money that will take him through his law course. When he is free, we shall have an advocate who will not betray the poor. But you must say nothing of this in your article."

"Of course not," echoed the girl.

Abruptly, Maude Harvey decided that the call had ended. Reporter or spy, the woman's mission must be over. And she was tired. She hated her husband with a sullen loathing. Fighting his evil fight, she had had to prate of her brother, of the boy she had guarded so jealously from the poison of class bitterness that had wrecked her own life. She felt horribly abased.

Miss Torrance sat for a moment silent, then sensed dismissal, and rose. As though fascinated by the associations which linked the bit of china with the life she had glimpsed, she held the teacup and its saucer in her hand. Then, embarrassed, she handed it to her hostess.

Mrs. Harvey reverted to matter-of-fact.

"What is the latest word from the factory? Have the police found anything new?"

"No, I think not. There are special officers at work, and more police. They found another body—about an hour ago. That makes twenty-seven. It was a young man, I believe, a Roland —Raymond Warren."

"Indeed?" Mrs. Harvey heard herself say the word, quietly, with the proper inflection of pity and dismay. Her hands were very cold. The effort of breathing was all but intolerable. But in the instant that was hers before she must say a polite good-bye, she wrenched her brain free from emotion, and forced it to work swiftly upon shifting ideas.

Her brother was dead. Did the girl know that Raymond Warren was her brother? If she was a spy, undoubtedly. But could it be true? Was this the explanation of his absence? Through the underground wireless of labour radicalism she had learned at noon that the boy was not held by the police. No one had seen him since the bombing.

Was this, the girl's trump card, a lie?

She was conscious that her searching gaze was dangerously like a rude stare, but Miss Torrance was putting on her worn gloves, fumbling with a clasp. She held up a glove finger that displayed a tiny hole.

"No one would mistake me for a 'plute,' would they? I wish sometimes that we writers got strike benefits. It would mean an increase for most of us."

Mrs. Harvey barely heard. A trump, yes. The girl was clever, unmerciful, but it was no lie. Re-living the day, she remembered in a nightmare flash of revelation the harried face of the noon messenger, his awkward evasions of her anxious questioning.

She dismissed the forlorn hope that the woman before her had lied, that the messenger had carried away with him no dread foreboding. This, she felt suddenly, and accepted as just, was the end of it all. Punishment—punishment for the perverted thing she had called duty, for stubborn faith that had betrayed her through the best years of her life.

But now, instead of hope, came a slow, irresistible impulse that swept every other thought and reaction aside, that offered anodyne, that annihilated

all credos, old and tarnished memories, that even seemed to atone.

There was a tinkle of breaking china on the floor.

"Your precious cup!" Miss Torrance impulsively knelt beside the table and picked up the fragments. When she rose her eyes were frightened.

"I can't forgive myself. Had I not worried you—"

But Mrs. Harvey smiled only a bit wistfully. In that moment she looked very like her twenty-years-younger self of the miniature.

"You can't repair it," she said, "and you mustn't blame yourself. I had the cup. And it would have happened some time."

Miss Torrance, confused and humiliated, regained but part of her composure at the door.

"You wonderful woman," she said.

Maude Harvey winced. The pity and admiration sounded genuine.

"Ah, my dear," she replied, "you overestimate me. We all have to do our duty, you know, and that as we see it."

The front door shut, she stepped to the window. The beating of her heart seemed to choke her. She saw Miss Torrance signal almost imperceptibly to two men idling at the corner. Revenge, she decided, would be swift and complete.

She called to her husband to leave his hiding-place. She divined that the girl, stooping for the broken teacup, had seen beneath the heavy tablecloth that hung nearly to the floor, perhaps a man's foot, perhaps a bit of woollen trouser-leg.

INDICATION

By Mary Burroughs

THE most popular man led the most beautiful woman behind the palms.

"Does he love her?" I asked.

"I will tell you after he has kissed her," answered my companion.

From behind the palms came a resounding smack as the lips of the most popular man met those of the most beautiful woman.

"No; he does not love her," replied my companion.

A BACHELOR is one who believes women's lies are lies. A benedick is one who knows they are.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF MADAME LEANDRE

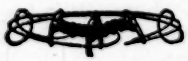
By Helen Woljeska

LAST night, *amigo mío,* I strolled through the garden of your soul. The shadow of your great thoughts enveloped me, and I played with the glittering fountain of your wit. All around me blossomed your flowers—laughing carnations, mocking poppies, staunch dahlias and eerie bluebells. Strange yellow lilies fascinated with subtly narcotic charm. Half-hidden under noble rocks crouched livid blooms whose leaves were spotted with poison. Proud dark roses displayed their flaming velvet petals. I gloried in your virtues and your sins. Then—in the most secret of places—I beheld the mystic purple flower whose perfume is sweet and wild and intoxicating, and whose roots can feed only on the blood of a broken heart. And I knew that I had come too late.

Perhaps we all are only the dream of some god, some spirit lonely in eternity. How bored he must be with the sameness of his dream! Have pity. Do let it flame in rose and silver, thrill in melody and ecstasy, for the brief moment that he is dreaming of you . . .

We build a dyke out of little duties, little pleasures, little troubles, to keep the overwhelming waves of black eternity out of our homey everydays.

The holy grail all women go in quest of contains the sacramental wine of a perfect love. Most of them give up the quest all too soon, accepting ordinary wine glasses, beer seidels, whisky flasks instead, and living pleasantly enough with the substituted. Others prefer death to disillusion. While still others go on searching to the bitter and grotesque end.



THERE are two types of marital tragedy: those in which the wife outgrows her husband's affection, and those in which she outgrows his income.

IT takes two to make a quarrel. It takes three, including the minister, to make it permanent.

THE ROOFS OF DHOUM

By Sulamith Ish-Kishor

I

IN the city of Dhoum the hour of noon had twelve brass tongues that spoke one after another from the twelve belfries of the queen's palace. At that hour the burnt-brass gates of the palace rolled back like scrolls, and troops of lean black slaves came marching with tall peacock fans down the brazen steps. Then came a hundred young men, dressed in hard gold satin that crackled and wrinkled like metal in hot fire. Brass and copper were the great exports of the city of Dhoum; by them Dhoum lived and was rich, therefore the gods of Dhoum were of copper and brass. Lastly came a great, curled shell of painted gold, borne on the high-muscled shoulders of monstrous negro guards; and in the shell lay, like a pearl, the queen.

Her mantle made her a nest of feathers soft as a swan's breast; her thin golden hair made a nodding buttercup of her head; under the weight of the jewels that were her bodice, her small bosom hardly breathed; through numberless garments of sheer, light silk, her limbs were visible as if under water, and her frail curved feet were bare. They carried her so high and so swiftly through the narrow streets, between the bent and leering houses, that she floated like a momentary mist of beauty past the soot-reddened eyes of the brass-welders, the copper-smelters, the miners, coal-diggers, gear-makers, shaft-builders, and factory-workers that were her people.

These men had never touched fair cheeks, for all their women must work, and the faces of the women were rough with particles of soot and coal, and greasy with the film of oil; so they worshipped the queen as a goddess. And they murmured their needs and told her of dangerous mines that must be quickly closed, but she was always gone too soon to hear the end. And she looked gently down at them as she passed, but if any man kept his eyes too long upon her, she caused him to be secretly slain, for she was very modest.

Yet Mulmed the roof-mender looked upon her nearly every day as they bore her to the temple; he had seen her fair face many times; he had watched her light breasts rise against the heavy jewels, and had seen the tender whiteness of her limbs through the waves of silk. Each time that he worked upon a roof overlooking her path, he would climb down to the rain-gutter, and stare with darkened eyes, his hands gripping the tiles till his finger-nails went white. This was the woman whose beauty he would wipe out, the body which he would break limb from limb, she who fed on the blood of Dhoum.

He had loved a girl whose delicate face not even the copper mines had power to turn yellow and loose of skin; and this face and her moon-white body were blasted, scalded, ripped and blackened and blistered by an explosion in the mine. When she had seen his eyes, as he came to find her at the edge of the mine, she had drawn her body quickly to the edge of the shaft, and had flung herself down. Now it seemed to him that a horrible dream had come upon him, and that in it she had died, and that he could never wake up from it.

Then he took his oath against the queen, and day by day went by, while Mulmed set tiles, and mended slates, and patched holes in house tops, preferring, however, to see all the roofs of Dhoum fall in upon the inhabitants.

The roofs of the palace were of plates of brass, scaled like a fish, throwing back the sun in sheets of hot yellow. After a rainstorm, the domes and belfries were like metal cheeks down which poured endless streams of silent tears, for there was always an oily film upon them.

Sometimes Mulmed despaired; centuries might pass before those immortal roofs showed the least infirmity. But he was young, he could wait many years, and he was the master roof-mender of the city. Meanwhile he prayed to the god of brass, whose temple the queen at times neglected, for it was quite far from the palace, being set on a hill from which it could be seen out at sea, red in the sunset, and he prayed with his hand on his dagger, whose hilt he had filled with poison for himself, and whose point was to be death for the queen.

Mulmed worked always, from dawn to midnight; the city was large, and badly built, and he worked expertly. He lived in an eyrie, at the apex of a tall, gaunt house whose roof had holes as large as pebbles; and people raised their eyebrows and laughed, to think that only Mulmed should live under a broken roof. But they never said that in his hearing, for he was a very son of Dhoum; he seemed to be made of brass; he was large of limb and beautiful, with hard muscles like living knots under a glistening, golden skin; he could cling to the smoothest roof with his palms and knees, and he was strong enough to smash the roof down into the room if he would.

In those days there was war across the seas, and the dark men of faraway islands demanded many hundredweight of copper for their weapons, but brass they would not have. So the queen gave orders, and day and night the huge fires roared red with pure copper, and there was no melting of zinc to make the brass. And they brought to the god of brass poor offerings, not the red-yellow brass of honour, but pale and sickly vessels, grayish-white, with much zinc and very little copper, so that they were soft and brittle, and not fit for the service. But when the day came to send the complement of copper across the sea, three vessels lay ready loaded in the harbour, waiting for the wind.

II

That afternoon, at the hour of the siesta, Mulmed was clinging to a high roof, under a greenish sky through which reached out the long black arms of clouds. He fitted the curled slates to the broken rain-gutter, and thought of the shame which had come upon the god of brass. Now the god and he had one cause; and the ships were on the water, and the sky was overcast.

He continued pasting down the slates with his pitch-brush. Suddenly he felt himself wet to the bone; the whole gray expanse of air was a sea of rain; his pitch-pot was brimming with black water, and now it lost balance, rolled down the roof, and went tumbling into the street. Mulmed tossed his streaming brush after it, and crawled toward the chimney, which he embraced, pressing his chest and knees to the wet tiles. The rain gurgled in tiny rivers against his limbs, as if trying to wash him down the roof; it filled the valley formed by his body against the sloping house-top. Mulmed did not dare to lift himself to let the water flow off underneath him; he remained frozen to the tiles, and the stream overflowed across his body.

Mulmed looked steadily out over the heavy sky. As if out of a fist suddenly opening into a palm, the rain crashed down in dirty, dark torrents; earth and sea were water-whelmed, and seemed ready to be sucked away into some hidden whirlpool, opening like a throat to engulf the world.

The fields of house-tops shone wet black or gleamed white as steel with the reflection of the sky. Mulmed

looked far across them to the swelling brown-gold domes and cupolas of the palace. Now and then a brazen tremor came through the air, with a faint vibration of sound like a stifled cry, as a gust of wind seized the tongue of one of the huge bells. He clung to the chimney, his eyes wandering above all the roofs to the central dome of the palace.

Suddenly, as if that brass dome had leapt across the sky to strike him, a thundering blow shattered his brain for a moment; the palace went up in a blaze before his dizzy eyes, then settled down again in shaky, fiery lines.

He opened his eyes, which he did not know he had closed; his limbs were trembling, his grip around the chimney had loosened, and he was slowly slipping. He clutched the chimney afresh, and his quaking glance found the palace-roofs again, and steadied upon them as if for safety. A great rift had come across the central, highest dome; the brass scales were slipping and tumbling with a faint distant clanging.

Mulmed looked, and looked again, and the scared people huddling together in the room under the roof heard the sound of a laugh that was a shout of rage and gigantic joy.

Down the gurgling rainpipe, into the eddying road, went Mulmed, splashing with broad strides through welling puddles, tearing his feet and barking his ankles on broken cobblestones that jutted out of the pools. The guards at the palace gates jerked back with fear as he banged and clamoured for admission; his curling hair poured with water, his grand throat and breast shone and dripped, his garments were in rags, and stuck full of rain to his body, and yet he was smiling tenderly.

"It is Mulmed," said one guard, at last.

"Happy for Dhoum if it be! The roof over the queen's halls is cracked wide open."

The gates rolled back, and Mulmed dashed through. As he came into the hall of entrance, however, he cut his stride short, and walked slowly, with careful steps, looking gaily around, now meditating, now tossing jests at terrified girls and at men-servants who tried to conceal their own fear by mocking the women. He came into the queen's halls. Through a hundred cracks and fissures in the roof he saw the dirty sky and the silver webs of the rain. He stepped through a curtain of fierce white water that splashed from a straight break in the dome. Courtiers ran puddling about in one slipper and a guardsman's cloak, women rushed to and fro with their hair exquisitely dressed and nothing but veils wound hastily round their bodies. Through them all Mulmed strode like a god and a deliverer, and no one stopped him. So he went straight on under stone arches carved as intricately as lace, through doors of iron network that looked as frail as cobweb, into a chamber like a hollowed pearl.

Showered on by light that seemed to melt inward from the curved ceilings and walls and up from the white floor of the room, the queen lay, in a bed like a drift of snowflakes, that was suspended on golden chains over a daïs carpeted with peacock's feathers of green and blue. She was cold, and white, and soft herself as snow. Forgotten in the panic, she had just waked; the shock of Mulmed's entrance made her sit up straight in her nest, her cheeks flushing with rage. Her fair hair ran in cold golden ripples down her neck, and divided across her thin, rounded shoulders.

III

Mulmed stood smiling, in the whole space of the doorway that had been built for women alone. His breath came and went like a slow tide, lifting with strong, regular efforts the walls of his wide bosom. His garments were mere remnants, held together by his tight-pulled leather belt; water streamed from his clothes and limbs, and made a large puddle about his feet. He seized a pearl-embroidered robe that lay on a chair, and wiped his hair, his face,

his sculptured throat and arms, his breast and his feet, then flung it down in a small, soaked heap. Then he eased his belt, tightened his smiling lips, and stepped nearer to the queen. But he stopped, as if a stone wall had descended between them, when he saw the queen's eyes.

He had not been noticing how she looked at him. Her flash of outraged royalty had meant nothing to him; her feminine anger and the fear that made her cheeks hot he had not even seen. She had stared in shaken terror, then, and then—while he wiped his body so contemptuously with her dress, she had caught her full lower lip between her teeth, and stared at the splendid, hard figure, the tall head covered with curling hair, the powerful limbs so brazen and so mightily curved that one almost expected them to clang against each other—the eyes high above her, the smile that blazed with power. . . .

Powdered princelings loaded with velvet she had known, dried-up old kings with sulphurous yellow faces had asked her hand. . . . But this was a man. The only man in the kingdom, if man he could be. And so she cowered; a fire ran dissolving through her body, relaxing all her forces; she stared upward at him as he came near to her, and by her dazed eyes and open, trembling mouth Mulmed saw the god's will to use him for his own revenge.

So he stopped. He stood still, looking down at her, his hand on his belt, deliberating. That look he knew well in the eyes of the girls of Dhoum. It was coming to the blush, now; soon it would come to the smile, or rather, to the turning away of the face. To kill her? Everyone must die. Perhaps her fate itself provided that she should die, in a week, a month, a year. He could better that, surely. He saw in a moment's unexpected fever the blasted face of his beloved, her dark gray eyes, untouched and beautiful, imprisoned in a horror of blisters. . . . He saw the little, sweet face of the queen, like a flower upon her swaying neck in her golden hair.

He kneeled down beside the shell-like bed, and closed his glistening, hard arms under her delicate warm shoulders; he felt her heart heavily lifting and dropping, he saw her eyes wide with a glorious bewilderment; the frail shell, suspended on its golden chains, rocked and jangled with his weight, and his kiss bit her hiding cheeks. . . .

Then he lifted above her head the dagger, twisted off the hilt, drank the black fluid within it, and flung dagger and sheath away. She turned herself with difficulty in his unbreakable embrace, but could not see what he had done. He closed his eyes with a sigh, and the ships went down in the harbour.

It was long before anyone remembered the queen, and longer before they could break her from the icy prison of his dead clutch. But the people mourned more for Mulmed than for the vanished reason of the queen.

LOVE: a big, comfortable limousine starting out on a joy-ride through eternity. Marriage: the same car, three miles out, with a flat tyre.

CONCERTO IN A FLAT

By Howard Mumford Jones

I

PEOPLE were coming into the little auditorium for the quarterly recital by the faculty of the university school of music. Although it did not contain five hundred seats, the room was not more than half full, and it was already a quarter past eight. The director of the school, Mr. Dulac, glanced wistfully at the vacant chairs and the scattered groups of auditors, principally townspeople, for, although the institute was a part of Mitchell University, the student body was not interested in "classical music." The director, a short, thick-set man with graying hair, of indubitable French extraction, could see almost everybody in the house from where he stood at the entrance at the back of the hall.

Rows of teachers from the city schools sat waiting for the opening number; now and then a faint giggle or a buzz of whispering caused their decorous heads to bob like the corks of a net in the sea, but for the most part they sat solemn and erect, conscious of the parents who were present around them. Here and there a family group, the man usually apologetic and embarrassed, his wife in her second-best, attended because music was such a good thing and the concert was free. There was a scattering of professors from the university, middle-aged and respectable, for the most part, with or without their wives as they could or could not afford a maid to look after the children. Except for the pupils of the school, girls mainly, who attended because their teachers expected them to, there were no young people. Everybody was under the influence of that deadly solemnity which attacks a group uncomfortably aware that the room in which it is gathered is much too large for it.

On the stage the ebony grand piano with its lid propped up announced that the first number would be a piano solo. The footlights, hidden in a tin trough painted green, were reflected dully from the finish of the instrument, and cast a soft, bright glow on the green draperies with which the little stage was hung. Either side of the platform was concealed by curtains of the same hue. At the left, behind these curtains, amid sections of crudely painted scenery and the litter of the last undergraduate play, the performers of the evening awaited the director's signal to commence the programme.

There were four of them altogether, and though they were used to this sort of thing, their nervousness showed in their restless bodies, and the stifled laughter with which remarks were received that at other times would not have raised a smile. From time to time a clatter of seats from the auditorium, or a burst of conversation from the audience, caused one or another of them to steal to the peephole in the draperies and announce in a low voice to his companions that such or such a personage had entered.

The four were evenly divided as to sex. Professor Burckhead, the violinist, who had had a concerto published and therefore expected to leave the school for New York, was a tall, sallow man of thirty-five, with dark, expressive eyes and a mass of coarse hair which he kept cut in imitation of Ysaye. The tenor, George Darrel by name, was shorter and better built; his face would always be young, and still caused many to mis-

take him for a senior in the university, although he was already twenty-nine. Both men were in evening dress. George Darrell, whose tie was crooked, was standing before Mrs. Olsen, the plump, sentimental soprano of the school, hideously clad in a pink evening gown which "killed" her sandy hair and pale, blue eyes, while she endeavoured to straighten the tie. To do this, she was compelled to reach up to George Darrell's neck, for there was no place to sit down, and she made the most of her sentimental attitude, smiling and coquetting with him to the sardonic amusement of Burckhead.

Apart from the other three stood Molly Farr, the pianiste (she was so announced on the programme), half reclining against a pile of "flats" which leaned against the ugly plastered wall. Her odd, arresting face looked ghastly in the greenish light cast from the kalsomined background and the draperies, and moreover, she was tired, and endeavouring to relax as much as she could before the concert began.

She was a woman of thirty-three, inclined by a somewhat lonely life to be taciturn, and the other three instinctively failed to include her in the group centring in Darrell. Her hair, an indefinite brown with streaks of gold that sometimes caught and held the light, looked muddy in the shadow, and though her dark gown was tasteful, she had worn it at these recitals for two years, and in an excess of weariness had neglected to set it off with any of those minute touches which might adorn, or conceal, its shabbiness. Her arms were rounded and lovely, however, ending in the capable, square hands of the musician. A sympathetic observer might read in the soft lines of the chin, the few, faint wrinkles at her eyes and mouth, and the vague, hurt expression of her eyes, that she was just at that period when women admit to themselves that the battle for youth is a losing struggle. Because of this, and because they were used to her, the two men talked in whispers to fat, vulgar, good-natured Mrs. Olsen.

In the auditorium the director was about to leave his post when, seeing two young men enter, he paused to scrutinize the novelty. One of them, a plump, thick-set fellow, plainly curious as to his surroundings and prepared for a dull evening, so resembled a hundred other college students, members of fraternities, intent on combining a business education with a good time, that the director passed over him to his companion, certainly the more interesting of the two. He was taller than his friend, yet not ungainly, and probably about twenty-one. He moved with a certain lithe grace, as though he were glad to be alive, and his face, which the director just glimpsed in passing, was informed with the same vital spirit. His clothes needed pressing (unlike his immaculate companion's), and he wore, at the collar of his soft shirt, the flowing black tie conventionally associated with the artistic temperament. His black hair was long and hung almost to his collar, a fact which seemed to embarrass his comrade, who kept smoothing his own close-cropped head as if to disclaim any responsibility for the tonsorial eccentricity of his fellow. Despite the dark eyes, the face exhibited, however, a certain vague weakness, a kind of spiritual dandihood, contrasting oddly with the negligence of his dress.

All in all this figure justified his comrade's anxiety not to be thought "queer" himself, for, observing that the taller boy was already attracting the attention of the impatient audience, the other pulled him into a back seat, blushing as he did so, and the two sat for a moment without exchanging a word.

Seeing that no one else was likely to come, the director went up to the stage, where the inevitable whispering that precedes any amateur public performance took place between himself and Professor Burckhead. The whispering concluded, Mr. Dulac tip-toed to the back of the hall; he was annoyed that one shoe persisted in squeaking, and the noise seemed to annoy the taller boy also, for he glanced impatiently at the director. When Mr. Dulac had

taken a seat in the back row near those of the boys, Molly Farr appeared on the platform. There was a rustle of perfunctory hand-clapping which she acknowledged with a slight bow. She adjusted the chair at the piano to her needs, seated herself, readjusted the chair, and the concert began.

II

For the opening number she had chosen the Moszkowski "Caprice Espagnole," but the playing of it gave her no great concern. Her hands were, indeed, busy (she had had excellent training), and the surface of her brain was fully occupied with the muscular dexterity required for the piece, but the back of her mind was really occupied with the same dull question which had perplexed her all evening. What was the use of things?

How she hated life! . . . The perpetual E natural drummed in her ear was her technical equipment, the facility with which she played the Moszkowski caprice (automatically she shifted a little in her seat preparatory to the octave passages), was all her life to bring her nothing better than this? She was thirty-three—and her gown was slipping a little. Oh, youth, youth! Playing in a second-rate university before people like these. What did they care that it was Moszkowski and not Mendelssohn? Now the slow passage. The face of a sophomore girl flashed before her—one she had seen that afternoon smiling at an adoring, sentimental boy. There was something Spanish in the girl's languorous smile. It hurt—it hurt. Would the caprice never end? But youth always hurts—it is so divinely unconscious. She reached the end of the piece, but she was hardly aware of it. There was a round of polite applause, a rustle of programmes; she bowed perfunctorily, and still preoccupied, left the stage.

All through the next numbers—a group of Brahms songs sung by Mrs. Olsen—she could think only of that sophomore girl. Life hurt. Or rather, it didn't—if it had only hurt her now and then, she felt she would have lived. But it was just dull and drab and stupid. As for music—what visions she had had at eighteen of crowded, darkened halls, set with pinkish-yellow faces, row on row, listening—leaning forward, listening. Once, God knows how many years back, she had got colours—emotions—out of her playing. But now! Oh, youth, youth! Thirty-three!

Mr. Burckhead was talking. The accompaniment? Oh, yes. "Not quite so—so mechanical as the caprice, Miss Farr, and don't hurry the *adagio*." (He always hung on to sensuous passages—like a cat.) She followed him to the stage, and opened the music of the César Cui sonata, and because she had to listen to Burckhead's playing and keep in accord with it, she forgot for a while the bitterness within her.

They were forced to respond to an encore before she could be left alone again, and then she returned to concentrate on her problem. What did it all mean, anyway? And she became so absorbed in trying not to pity herself, that half an hour later Darrell had to touch her arm when he came off the stage. This startled and frightened her, she looked at the audience as she went out (something she usually never did, out of policy), and she saw the sophomore girl of the afternoon, whom she had envied ever since. A burning resentment filled her, and instead of the Liszt number with which she was scheduled to close, her fingers began automatically on the Chopin nocturne in C minor, and then, almost without stopping, crashed into the "De Profundis" prelude of Balfour-Gardiner.

As she began the nocturne, she could almost feel the three on the stage stiffen with surprise and unconscious resentment, could almost see the wondering eyes of the director, the puzzled audience. Would they think she was crazy? But to-night she must speak. Age was so pitiful. And anyway, what good was the piano if you couldn't smash things? And because the pity for herself she had dammed up so long now swept her away on a great wave of luxurious

misery, she played the nocturne better than she had ever played it before. It was the funeral of Youth, her youth, she was playing—like Rupert Brooke's poem . . . "with much woe and mourning general. At dead Youth's funeral. . . . Love had died long ago." She swung into the prelude—that was Thomas Hardy. It was a great wail, a song of evil exultation because life was dirty and shabby and mean. Hell. . . . Unladylike? Oh, damn!

When she concluded, there was a moment's impressive silence, and then a more thunderous applause than had ever greeted her before. But she did not hear much of it, because she was wholly occupied in trying not to cry.

III

BURCKHEAD and Mrs. Olsen were congratulating her and exclaiming, and she was forced to listen to them. Musicianly—touch—pedal—that wasn't it! Oh, why were they all mummies, such gibbering, jabbering mummies! But she mustn't. Pulling herself together, she got her wraps with Darrell's help, and then, to avoid Mr. Dulac, who was mounting the stage, slid dexterously away from him and out into the hall, where two or three people looked curiously at her tired face, and whispered together. She went slowly up the aisle, and stopped.

A boy was standing before her, that is a—a man. What glorious eyes! Why, his whole face was eager, instinct with life! He was holding out his hand to her.

"I'm Leonard Stright, Miss Farr. I—I had to tell you—oh, it was glorious! Everything in the world died, except my dreams, and they turned dark and sinister!"

Startled, she peered at him. She was vaguely conscious that his companion, a featureless, conventional youth, had retreated to the rear door, panicky with embarrassment, and that Mr. Dulac was coming toward her.

"Th-thank you," she managed to gasp, taking his hand. Surely he wasn't a student—with that voice and that wonderful head. He dropped to her side, and walked slowly up the aisle with her to the abrupt amazement of Mr. Dulac, who stopped short with a general hint of grinding brakes.

"I want to play like that!" the boy cried suddenly, though not so loud that others heard him. "I want to know every kind of beauty in the world!

"I don't mean," he added with sudden shyness, "that I could play like you, of course—but—you give lessons, don't you?—oh, that's crass—I don't mean—"

"I know," she said comprehendingly, and faltered. After all, what did she know?

He looked gratefully at her. "Don't think I'm crazy, please. Harrody thinks I'm a plain nut. It's only—oh, I get swept right off my feet. I knew you wouldn't mind. But—haven't you got a studio, or something? And couldn't I—?"

Perhaps because she was a bit frightened, Molly's answer was rather prim.

"Yes. In Music Hall, Mr. Stright. I'm there in the mornings. And thank you for your enthusiasm."

They were at the door.

"This is Mr. Harrody, Miss Farr." Leonard introduced the boy who had looked so panicky.

"Glad t'meet you," said Harrody, and whether from honesty or embarrassment, refrained from commenting on the programme as he wrung her hand. They stood for a moment awkwardly, and then, as a group of ladies fluttered down on Molly with little cries and ejaculations, Harrody, seizing his companion's arm, pushed him through the door, and escaped.

IV

MOLLY woke next morning with a dull headache, inevitable result of the concert's emotional complexes, and her studio seemed unbearably dreary as she stepped out of the brisk October wind that made her head ache, into Music Hall.

The building had once been the university auditorium; but the growth of

the student body had years ago outdistanced its seating capacity, and the great, bare floor had been cut off into square offices, separated from each other by pineboard partitions painted brown. Necessarily, these cells were lighted only by the great gothic windows in the north and south walls of the building. As the partitions, ten feet high, made no pretence at reaching the ceiling, the noise of four or five pianos, two or three violins, a stray wind instrument, and a variety of vocal lessons made the place a musical bedlam. But the university had nothing better to offer.

One such studio was Molly's. She had made some attempt at decorating it, but the vulgar brown fought with everything coloured, and the bad light prohibited the use of etchings which might "go," so that she had finally given up attempts to alleviate its dreariness. A square piano (her own property), a table, a chair, and a wicker lounge with some gay cushions furnished the place. The lighting being inadequate, she had also installed a piano lamp with a rose shade.

As she opened the door of this room, a tall figure rose from the lounge and came toward her.

"Mr. Stright!" she exclaimed, and went to switch on the light.

"Yes," he said. "You know you said I could come." He watched her take off her coat and hat and hang them on hooks in the wall. "I thought you weren't coming this morning," he continued with an effect of glad impatience that she found elusively charming, "after that programme—oh, wasn't it wonderful?" He walked restlessly back and forth, throwing back his head. Why was he so like a wild thing in a cage?

"We are not sure of sorrow
And joy was never sure,"

he chanted,

"To-day will die to-morrow,
Time stoops to no man's lure;
And love, grown faint and fretful
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure.

"That's that last thing you played—that dirge, and the Chopin nocturne, that's

"'When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me,
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.'

"Do you like Christina?" he broke off, his hands in his pockets, confronting her.

"I don't know," she said, fascinated, sitting down on the piano bench. "Who was she?"

"Christina Rossetti, the poet, you know. Gabriel Rossetti's—" He was struck with sudden diffidence. "But I'm—oh, you're busy maybe, and I—"

"I have a pupil coming at ten. But there's eight minutes yet." Molly spoke rather primly, glancing at her wrist watch while he stared at her. "Were you thinking of taking lessons?" She felt she must be impersonally pedagogic.

"Yes, I want to," he said discomfited, "that is, if you want me, Miss Farr. I've had a little work and—oh, I can play simple pieces—the easy nocturnes, for instance, and MacDowell things, but—"

She explained the terms set by the school. He was principally insistent that Molly Farr and no other should teach him, and fearful that the "red-tape," with which his experiences seemed to have been uniformly unfortunate, might intervene. He was totally indifferent to the scale of prices she conscientiously recited, forcing her to choose for him, and he could not understand why his lesson hours must be accommodated to a regular schedule.

"But I don't come the same time every week," he expostulated, his dark eyes fixed seriously upon her. "Days are different, you know. I wouldn't come on the blue and golden afternoons." He glanced quickly at the ugly walls, and she detected a kind of shudder in his face.

"Blue and gold afternoons?"

"Yes. To-day's going to be one, for instance. Funny there's no blue and gold music. Mozart's gold, don't you think, and Mendelssohn's blue, but there's nobody that's both."

She got him to agree to a schedule finally by threatening not to teach him, at which he became so utterly abject that they joked about it. He signed his name on the schedule of practice hours in burlesque meekness, and was up, prancing about the room, before she could tell him what music to buy. Then her pupil entered, a conscientious little freshman girl, who stared curiously at Stright and who had the effect of killing his high spirits. At any rate, he went out, bidding her a formal farewell, and seeming to leave the room empty behind him. But her gloom had perceptibly lightened, so that, forgetting her headache, she went cheerfully to work with the musical stupidity who had interrupted them.

V

He came to this third lesson so dejected that, though she had sternly resolved to be very business-like with him because she was already a little panicky at the memory of his effect on her, she threw discretion to the winds.

"What's the matter?" she asked, concerned at sight of his face.

"Nothing," he said dully. He had bought an absurd music roll after his first lesson, and this he put on top of the piano.

"But, Mr. Stright," she began, and stopped.

He sat down gloomily on the willow sofa and contemplated the bare wall.

"I can't play to-day. I can't write—I can't do anything," he burst out. "I hate this place. I hate it, I tell you. A university! Why, Miss Farr, there isn't a single person here except you that cares anything for art or beauty or—or living. They're all—they're all like undertakers at the grave of learning." He smiled mischievously at the figure, and she was aware that, so long as he lived, he would have these kaleidoscopic moods.

"What has that got to do with your music?" she asked defiantly, and her heart ached a little to see him.

"I've written *reams* of poetry." He stopped again as if daring her to deny it. She knew that he was baring a wound in his quivering spirit. "But I—can't write here. It's too stuffy. They've all got the religious mind. And they make fun of me. My English instructor assigned a theme yesterday, and I went out walking in the rain instead—old rag-bag like him doesn't know how the rain sings—so I didn't write his damnable theme, 'How my watch works.'" He imitated his unhappy instructor with an indescribable smirk. "I gave him a poem instead. I wrote it in the rain. He gave it back to me and said it wasn't the assignment. Good God! Wasn't the assignment! Told me I needed discipline."

"But—" she began, and stopped. She thought of his piano lessons.

"I don't want discipline, I tell you," he cried. "I want life. Youth. Joy. They've disciplined themselves here till they're all dead. It's like living with corpses. There's my room mate, Harrody. I don't believe he ever got up to see the sun rise in his life. Why, a sunrise is just like drunkenness, it's so beautiful. But they're all dead anyway, and it doesn't matter whether the sun rises or sets, to them. And the students are worse. They make fun of you. You can't be 'queer.'" He paused at the memory of some spiritual shame, and dropped his head in his hands.

The old bitterness awoke in Molly's heart. They *were* dead. It was what she knew herself. Why was the world a sullen conspiracy against youth—a conspiracy to drag it down and tramp on it, to make it dreary and drab like all the rest? Why must he suffer, too? She had a vision of him among his classmates alien and scoffed at, misunderstood. He was so pitifully, so bravely young. And because he had been in her thoughts more than she dared admit, she forgot that she knew him as yet

only slightly—indeed, it seemed to her she had known him a long time. Something gave way in her with a little click, as it did at a play that moved her.

"Poor boy!" she said, and stroked the bent head. As an attempt to be motherly it was rather unsuccessful. After all, she was only thirty-three.

He looked up gratefully, seized her hand and kissed it. She withdrew it as though it had been stung, which was the very worst thing she could have done. They began the piano lesson.

VI

In three weeks more she was calling him Leonard, and he spoke of her as the Princess, and it was all very silly, doubtless, if it had not been so pitiful and cruel.

She commenced to look forward to his coming, and to dress herself a little more carefully on those days. She was not wholly conscious that she did this, for she was not yet willing to admit that he was anything more to her than an "interesting pupil." Mrs. Olsen noticed it, however, and asked Molly who the queer boy was she had on Friday afternoons, and Molly, inwardly resenting the phrase, put her off with some laughing explanation, and did not even search her conscience privately to find out why she lied about him.

He played not so very badly, and certain kinds of romantic music seemed to fascinate him, so that he was willing to toil endlessly over them, exhausting their last nuances and experimenting with the dynamic marks. The Chopin preludes were great favourites, and certain of the Liszt compositions, for the most part hopelessly beyond him, he was always asking her to play. She could not get him to work on Bach, which he needed, nor would he practise the exercises that would have strengthened his wavering technique. When it came to this part of the lesson, he preferred to tell her what wonderful experiences he had, sitting cross-legged on her piano bench, or else reciting endless lines of poetry which he seemed to memorize with effortless ease. At first she remonstrated and strove to turn his attention to the exercises, but by and by she forgot them and sat, mesmerized by his voice and look and manner. She had been a very lonely woman all her life.

Then he called. Her apartment was a little suite of rooms in a featureless brick barn of an apartment-house, facing on a commonplace street. Indulging in a secret passion for exotic things, she had contrived to secure "atmosphere" in her living-room, where some excellent prints, old china, a big divan, her rosewood baby grand, a fireplace, and the scents she was used to burn (her one concession to the dangerous sensuous streak she knew she had), created an atmosphere that piquantly set her off, and made her look younger and fresher than the studio could possibly make her. The first time he came he sat on the edge of his chair, staring at her, but by and by he became used to his surroundings, and was always running in in the late afternoons or the evenings.

The seventh or eighth time it was raining, and because she did not expect him he found her in a Japanese thing of rich blue, her arms bare, her feet in slippers, and her brown hair piled carelessly on top of her head. He was in the door before she knew it. She rose in confusion.

"You look like Elsie Ferguson," he said. "Oh, don't change it, please!"

She paused, her hand on the doorjamb. "Why, where's your necktie, Leonard?" she exclaimed, seeing that he had abandoned his flowing black tie in favour of a neat, conventional four-in-hand. "And your hair!"

"Had it cut," he responded gleefully, shaking his shorn head. "Harrody couldn't stand my tie, so I'm wearing one of his." A pang of jealous foreboding shot through her. "Come here and sit down, Princess. Don't run away."

He seized her hand and led her to the divan before the smouldering fire

and, still holding her hand, sat down beside her. The reading lamp and the fire were all the light.

"How's the work?" she asked because her heart was thumping, and tried to withdraw her hand.

"Oh, I'm getting along," he said evasively. "No—don't." She suffered him to retain her fingers because she dared not make a point of withdrawing them. "I hate mathematics."

"They're good for you."

"Oh, damn!"

"They are. Leonard, you're not going to get anywhere unless—"

"Don't preach the Philistine virtues. You're not a Philistine."

"I wish I were."

"You don't," he said promptly. "In this vast university, you're the only one that doesn't preach at me."

"Well, I ought to." For the life of her she could not help smiling at him.

"You ought not. You're divine—alive. You're a woman, and I'm—"

Very deliberately he leaned over and kissed her.

"Leonard!"

She rose, her cheeks burning because she had wanted him to kiss her, her voice suddenly leaving her.

He did not get up. "I've wanted to for some time," was all he vouchsafed.

"You—mustn't." She sought safety in a wicker chair. Yes, she was thirty-three, but— Oh, God!

He was leaning over her, kneeling before her, his lips were on her bare arm.

"You're glorious, glorious," he kept saying over and over again, and she could not find strength to prevent him.

"Don't, Leonard."

"Dear!"

She sat upright in her chair, her free hand tearing at the silly tassels of her silken belt. She stroked his head with her other hand, not daring to look at him.

"You mustn't," she said in a low voice. "Why, it's preposterous. I'm old enough to be your—"

"Molly!"

"I'm your teacher—and—a faculty member. You're only a student—why—"

"I don't care. I love you!" Why must he be so persistent? Couldn't he see that she couldn't keep out of his arms two minutes longer? Thirty-three—thirty-three! Crabbed age and youth . . . Oh, God!

"Leonard, you'll have to go home."

"I tell you, I love you!" he exclaimed wildly, scrambling to his feet, and even that was poetic and beautiful. "I love you! I love you!" he declaimed to a Japanese print. "You wonderful—you divine—" (How much longer could she stand it? Would he never stop?) "What do I care for this damned university? I've got money, you know. We're going to *live*, I tell you.—Don't you love me?" (Did she!) "You don't dare tell me you don't! Molly! Kiss me!"

If he came one step nearer she was lost. She must fight! What made her head so dizzy? And now his piano lessons would have to end. But of all this tumult within her, all she could say was, "Please."

He stopped in the centre of the room, the golden light fading out of his dark eyes. "All right," he said. Then defiantly, "But I'm not sorry."

And suddenly he was gone.

VII

DOUBTLESS if she had been a heroic woman, she would have sent him about his business and never have seen him again. But she was not a heroic woman, and she was hopelessly in love, so they drifted into a queer, furtive understanding that was vulgar and beautiful and indefensible and wholly to be expected.

He kept on with his piano lessons, but she would not let him make love to her in the studio, though they did very little work there, for their hands were always wandering together and suddenly unclasping again. She would not promise to marry him, however, for she knew it was impossible; therefore she had

long, bitter hours of reflection in which she formed iron resolves that melted when she saw him again, and she early exacted from him two promises: one, that the affair should be kept secret, and the other (how she wished he would not promise it so easily!) that he would tell her when he was tired of her.

They took long walks together, late at night, in parts of the town where they were not likely to be recognized; and he kissed her in vacant lots full of tin cans, in alleys redolent of refuse and under sordid walls and by the smelly little river that ran through the factory district, and they thought it was heaven. When she could stand this no longer, however, she would let him come to her apartment and hold her in his arms on the big divan, while she let down her hair, which he professed to be fond of, and he incessantly kissed her.

Once they were almost caught by a young instructor and his wife who came to call, and he made a vulgar exit by the back door, while she hastily put herself to rights and let the puzzled instructor in, talking brilliantly to cover her confusion. If the president and trustees had known all this, they would have been shocked, and discharged her incontinently; but there are many things that presidents and trustees never know.

Not that they escaped comment. Once when they were in the studio alone, Darrell's voice floated over the partitions to them.

"Oh, he's some kind of a nut." (She felt Leonard stiffen.) "He's a junior. Writes for the magazines—pale poetry—the kind women fall for."

"How long has he been taking lessons of her?" She recognized Burckhead by the amused, sardonic deliberation of the speech.

"Since the last recital. Boys always begin that way."

There was a burst of stifled laughter.

Then, "But she's all right. She's got a level head. That's what I told Dulac." She was dumbly grateful to Darrell for defending her.

She stole a glance at Leonard. Their hands were tightly clasped and while he listened he gripped her fingers harder and harder until they were numb.

"I don't care," she whispered defiantly, but Leonard did not smile, gazing thoughtfully at the music on the piano instead. A cold fear shot through her heart.

VIII

Of course it could not last. First she noticed that he had not recited any of his verses to her for two or three weeks, and when she asked him the reason he told her evasively that he had quit writing poetry, the fellows didn't like it. Then she observed that his clothes were becoming orthodox: he abandoned soft shirts and the picturesque and ancient hat he had been wearing, and never again did his hair hang down to his collar. He explained that Harrody was picking out his clothes for him, wanted him to dress right.

"Why, Leonard?"

Oh, it was such a bother and Harrody knew the ropes, so he let him.

How long had he roomed with Harrody?

Oh, most of the year. Only man he knew in the university when he first came. Harrody was going to get him into a fraternity this spring. He explained that Harrody was himself a member, but didn't live at the house.

"But, Leonard—" she began, and then stopped. What good reason was there why he should not join a fraternity or let Harrody buy his clothes? Only—only that he was becoming more timorous and conventional, less like the wild spirit who had rushed up to her after the concert, only (what she had always known, what she had desperately refused to admit) that her day was over. She felt the gates shutting.

The next step was inevitable. He commenced to be late in coming to her. The first time that this occurred he was profuse in apologies (they were in her apartment), and she made light of it and let him hold her a long time on the divan, afterwards playing for him on her piano all his favourite compositions, even

the Moszkowski caprice which she had come to despise, and when he left her at twelve she was sure it had been an accident. But it happened twice again, and then one Friday he failed to keep his appointment at the studio, and the following night he did not come to her house as he had regularly done.

She began bravely enough with what she had to do.

"Listen to me, Leonard, boy," she said, running her hands through his hair the following week, as he sat at her feet, showily penitent, before the fire. She choked a little, but he could not see her.

"Well?"

"This is our last night."

"What?" He squirmed around to see her face, but she was prepared for that, and had placed herself in the shadowy corner of the divan, away from the reading lamp.

"This is our last night together."

"What do you mean? You don't think— Just because— I tell you, Harrody wanted me to go with him. I didn't have time to tell you—I—" Oh, why did his voice ring hollow? Why couldn't he—?

"I know." She smiled at him bravely. "But I've been thinking—I ought to have been doing it long ago, I guess." Her voice trembled ever so slightly. "It's indefensible, what I've done, but that doesn't matter now. I'm not going to see you any more."

"Molly!" He was on his feet, a wild, frightened look on his face.

"Don't."

"Molly, you're— Why, you're going to marry me, you're— You know I'll marry you—I said I would—I—"

"Leonard, let's look at the facts. I'm a woman of thirty-three and you're just a boy—don't be angry—and I've been foolish. I can't spoil your life. You're ashamed of me—you don't want anyone to know. Oh, it's got to stop—! Don't you dare touch me."

"But Molly! Beloved! Princess! I'm not tired of you, I— (Had she said he was?) I swear I'm not. Molly, precious! (What was that line in Hamlet—"doth protest too much, methinks"?) I *will* come. I won't let you—There's going to be more than this."

"No. This is all there's going to be. . . . You'd better go."

"But I'm not going. I love you, I tell you."

"Oh, Leonard!" Why would he insist on being gentlemanly?

"But—oh, God, Molly, we can't end this way—it's pitiful—I'm not— Maybe I've seemed tired."

"Please, dear."

"You don't love me—you never did love me."

Ah, at last. That hurt. He meant it to hurt, and she knew it. She knew that now she wouldn't break down until it was done.

"It's better this way."

"You don't love me—you can't look at me and say you loved me. (Now he wouldn't kiss her—not after that speech. She would be spared that.) Oh, God, God!"

But he did not cry. He had the decency to feel that she heard the false note in his passion. And suddenly his face turned white. He knew that pretence was useless, that being immensely older than he, she could read his every thought, his every mean pretence.

"Oh, Molly, Molly!"

". . . Good-bye."

"You won't kiss me?"

"Leonard, don't be so hideously unfair."

"No. Good God! Molly, you're so —pitiful."

She looked at him quickly, then the tears blinded her, she threw herself sobbing on the divan.

IX

But life goes on. Mr. Dulac came into her studio two days after they parted, fussy, hesitant, administrative.

"Miss Farr," he began, choked, cleared his throat, drummed on her table, began again. He hesitated to give her pain, his position as director of the school gave him many embarrassing little jobs, and while he had the highest confidence in Miss Farr, it was advisable

to avoid talk. Comment had been made—had reached him—one of her pupils, a Mr. Stright— He apologized profusely for troubling her. Little drops of sweat appeared on his forehead.

"You mean Leonard Stright?" she said sweetly. "Yes, he's a very old and dear friend of mine. I suppose people haven't understood. But he's given up his lessons with me—left the university."

Mr. Dulac expanded with relief. And now—the next recital would be in two weeks. Would she play again the two numbers which had made such an impression the first time—the Chopin nocturne and the De Profundis prelude?

Mr. Dulac did not understand what it was in this speech that made Miss Farr laugh so queerly before she answered him.

I TOLD MY LOVE TO HIDE ITSELF

By Helen Frazee-Bower

I TOLD my love to hide itself,
"Hide, little love," I said.
(For maidens must not speak their hearts
Nor choose whom they would wed!)

"Run, little love, run, run from me,
I dare not bid you stay."
I told my love to hide itself—
And hastened on my way.

But up the hill and through the wood,
Where many still things be,
I heard a mocking bird—and oh!
My love came back to me.

My love came back on waves of song,
Wild, rapturous, and sweet,
To every pulse of throbbing joy
My heart gave answering beat.

I caught it back unto my breast,
The hope I had forsworn
(For who can hide his love away
When once that love is born?)

"Stay, stay," I said, "my little love,
I dare not let you go,
And over all the world to-night,
Sing, bird, that he may know!"

TO-DAY

By Beatrice Eccles

CINDERELLA wept in the chimney corner.

Her wicked stepsisters had set out for the ball attired in exquisite gowns of brocaded satin, embroidered in gold and silver, their sweeping trains heavy with festoons of perfectly matched pearls.

"Why do you weep, my child?" asked the Fairy Godmother.

"I wish to go to the ball and I have no gown to wear," sobbed Cinderella.

"What is the matter with the gown you have on, my child?" asked the Fairy Godmother.

"It is torn to shreds," lamented Cinderella. "It scarcely conceals my body. Both arms are bare and my bosom gleams white through its rents. My legs show to my knees," she wept.

"Hasten to the ball, my child," said the Fairy Godmother, with a wise smile.

OLD SONG

By John McClure

LIGHTSOME Annie was blythe and bonnie.
(O Gay Thomas she's like to dee!)
Gay Thomas has gie her a red, red rose
Off of a red rose tree.

Lightsome Annie was plucking early
Violet blooms in the fields of barley.

Gay Thomas come in scarlet breeches,
Gay Thomas would of charmed the witches.

Gay Thomas come with trumpets snarling,
Gay Thomas was the witches' darling.

Gay Thomas come with drums a-beating,
Gay Thomas was the witches' sweeting.

Gay Thomas left in the morning hours,
The rose is the flower of passion-flowers.

LARRY PYRAMIDS

By Elliott Nugent

I

LARRY didn't approve of our shooting craps. Not that any of us looked upon it as a very dignified timekiller, but when you are in the doldrums of Middle-Western one-night stands dignity goes begging. That is true of any company; it was especially true of ours, the Number Three of one of Broadway's pet murder thrillers. On our first early morning jump Horning, the leading man, was grieved at the absence of a parlour car and May North, who had understudied in New York and was the featured member of the cast, was coolly, though sweetly, distant in her "Good mornings." After the third gray-dawn gathering at the station, Horning went to sleep with his head on an overcoat folded over the grimy chair rail and Miss North had a lengthy and personal argument with the property man, who chewed tobacco.

That's the way it goes. When you reach the point where you look forward with pleasure to an engagement in Davenport, Iowa, the only thing to do is go in for poker, or—as in our case—craps. A reasonable amount of gambling is at once a stimulant and a narcotic, and the instruments can be carried in the vest-pocket—which is more convenient than the hip.

I think it was Norton (the juvenile, who was murdered in the first act only to revive in a third-act scene written in during rehearsals) who started it. He bought some "bones" from an elevator boy and appeared on the bleak stage of one of those "tank-town" theatres one day just after we had found there was no mail and the picture shows did not open until 7 p.m.

The game was warming up pretty well when Larry drifted in. He eyed it coldly for a while and grunted something about "bum stuff."

"Want to get in, Larry?" asked Norton, who had just made three "passes."

"No," said Larry, and moved over to look at the dressing-room line-up on the call-board as Norton bumped into "snake-eyes" (aces) and followed with an unsuccessful attempt to repeat a pair of deuces, that elusive "point" known as "Little Joe."

We all wondered a little at Larry's lack of interest. He occupied a peculiar position in the company. In spite of being tenth on the stage manager's dressing-room lay-out (with a company of eleven) he had an air of dignity about him, a weight that partook of but was not limited by his two hundred pounds, so that although we never said "Lawrence Evans" but spoke of him always as "Larry," it was with something of the simple gravity of Europeans who say "George" or "Nicholas." We forgot he was playing the "copper" (a "bum bit") for probably seventy-five a week, when we looked at his tall, heavy figure, his tanned, clean-chiselled face with the wrinkles of a cowpuncher rather than an actor, or when we listened to the simple decisiveness with which he said "Yes" or "No."

When you knew him beyond these externals, which few people did, his dignity disappeared suddenly as a light turned out. Given an encouraging listener, or two highballs with any kind of a listener, and he began to talk. And, as Mike, the electrician, has colourfully put it, "when he opened his mouth he was gone." But, after the shock of surprise that came with each repetition of

the phenomenon, you did not like him less for the change—rather more.

How he could talk! Colourful, profane, vulgar, interesting, commonplace sometimes, brilliant often, but dignified—save the mark—never! When something caused him to stop talking he would chuckle a little, stretch, straighten up—and there he was—a Rabelaisian Santa Claus turned into Woodrow Wilson. Dignity was with him neither a real attribute nor an affectation; it was a gift.

Knowing this, it surprised me that the invisible mantle which draped him had remained unruffled by so fresh and stirring a breeze as a crap game. I did not attribute it to any moral scruples; knowing Larry, you wouldn't—and I knew him pretty well.

Often I wished that I had known his father for a better appreciation of the gaudy anecdotes and the disconnected chunks of Larry's drifting life that he tossed out, garnished with a profanity that lit up dismal dressing-rooms. A great, handsome wild Irishman his father must have been. Horse-trader, rider; at twenty-five he was the trainer and head-ringmaster with the biggest circus of his day, when he rode in the parade down Maple Avenue in a little Ohio town and caught the eye of the minister's daughter. A handsome dark Irish figure of romance to her, and she in her romantic 'teens. They were married two days later and she walked out of the green-and-white little town to go away with the circus. Strong, wild blood there must have been in her too, for she never repented her choice, never weakened. When they decided that she would not make a rider because of her inborn fear of horses, she went in for the flying rings. In a year she was an "aerial artist" and a good one. She only lost two weeks' salary when Larry joined the troupe and became the eleven-pound yelling champion of the world.

There is little of romance in Larry's earliest memories, which are all of the circus—memories of wet, gray dawns, hard wagon travel, late hours, little sleep, dirty tights that were always having to be washed in cold water, and bad food.

"A damn rotten, tough life—they have it soft now, with their own cars to sleep in and plenty of heat," he says when he talks of those early days. He had talked of them to me so often that I was surprised when he turned up a whole new chapter out of his checkered past.

"What's your objection to the crap game, Larry?" I asked him the next day as we sat in the smoking-car.

"Action's too fast," as he bit the end off a crooked stogie.

"Isn't action what one wants in a game of chance?"

"No"—this was the last of his dignity—"that's where you're wrong. When you gamble you want a run for your money, don't you? Yes."

At this point he found the amputated end of the stogie was interfering with his argument and propelled it with a sharp "Pptt" at a tin cuspidor across the aisle, registering a clean goal.

"And you don't getta run for your money unless you getta chance tuh use your head. You don't get no chance in this 'bones' game. I know. When you're winning it comes so fast you ain't got time to think how to soak some of it away. It's all there in your hand. And when you start to lose you're cleaned out just twice as quick. I know I've been cleaned when it meant something to be broke."

"Tell us about it," Norton smiled over my shoulder, and I turned a seat and pulled him in so that Larry wouldn't be entertaining the whole smoker.

"I used to shoot craps a lot with the circus," Larry went on, "when I was about fifteen and should have been working with the horses, I guess; at least the old man thought so, and he used to tan my hide for me whenever he caught me at it. He was a hard old mug; he used to beat hell out of me, until I was about seventeen and a little too big for him. About that same time I got too heavy ever to be a rider—a good one, I mean—and started to drive a chariot.

"Then the old man made a roll of dough on a big horse deal and decided to go back to Australia—my brother had been born out there—and go into business. I didn't like Australia; it's a"—he aired a string of descriptive profanity—"dried-up, scummy country.

"My mother died six months after we was out there. I hadn't been getting along any too well with the old man, and when she was gone—I run away to sea. . . . But I'm going back too far. . . . It was in South Africa—a couple of years later—that I lost my fondness for craps."

"What were you doing in South Africa?" I interrupted.

"I joined a bum one-ring circus there. The owner had a couple of sick elephants that wouldn't have attracted attention at a Democratic campaign meeting, and the rest of the show was sick too, but they didn't know it.

"Well, we got to shooting craps as soon as we left Cape Town, and for quite a while my luck was so good I didn't notice how close we was getting to the rocks. Then for two days the boys got to me, and I ended up in a place called Tallahop absolutely flat. That same day the show busted up and the owner faded out across the veldt with the only automobile in the place.

"It wasn't a town—there were only three white men there regular and they were Dutch—just a place. Tallahop is two hundred miles from Cape Town, hot as billybedamned—and I was broke.

"Everybody in the bunch was sore at everybody else, but they all started off for Cape Town together next day—all but me; I was broke. I didn't ask any of 'em to lend me money—and nobody offered to.

"After they was gone I sat on my trunk and went through my pockets again. I found a shilling in one of them that I didn't know I had—the only one the bones hadn't taken away from me. I can remember thinkin' about how sweet I had talked to them ivories—and all at once I got mad. I cussed the bones to hell and back—not overlooking any of the stations along the way neither—then I looked up and saw them three Dutchmen standing around lookin' at me, wondering what it was all about. I made them all listen while I swore never to speak pretty to the bones again—and I never have."

"But how did you ever get away from this African mudhole?"

He told us in a few words that part of the story—how with a few drovers and a thousand cattle he had trudged over the long two hundred miles to Cape Town, how after three days' starving on the streets he had run into an old acquaintance who turned out (by the wild chance that only happens in real life) to be acting as a purchasing and selling agent for Larry's father. After a couple of days' gradual preparation with soups and milk, Larry's almost atrophied stomach was allowed to get acquainted with a square meal, and a day later Larry himself was on board a boat bound for Australia, with a new suit of clothes and two hundred pounds on deposit with the purser.

"I tried to learn the old man's business when I got to Melbourne. My younger brother had took to it like a duck to water—but not me. I just tried it to please the old man 'cause I knew he'd always sorta wanted me to be his stand-by. Somehow the wild streak in me that I got from him made us feel close even while it was making us sore as goats at each other. We both knew it—but we couldn't get together.

"After a couple of weeks I got restless, but I didn't say nothin'. Then one day my father says to me, 'What's the matter with you? You're not contented. Where do you want to go?'

"'Back to the States,' I told him.

"'All right—I knew what was the matter with you. There's a ship going out for Frisco to-morrow. You go with her. I've booked your passage.'

"I went. . . . The old man came down to the dock with me, and when they got ready to haul on the gangplank he says:

"'I tried hard to make a good circus man out of you; now I've tried to make you a business man—failed both times.

You're just no good. . . . Here'—and he handed me a roll of bills—'is five thousand dollars . . . you take it and go back to the States—and I hope I never see you again!'"

"Huh!" said Norton, after a while.

Larry lit another stogie.

"And he never did see me again."

"You've never been back?"

"No. After several years my father lost most all his money. When he was dying he kept saying he wanted to see me, and my brother cabled. . . . But I didn't go. . . . It's a long ways to Australia, and the old man was dead before I could have been aboard a ship . . . and then, anyhow, I never forgot what he said to me."

II

We pulled into the station—Muncie, Indiana, I think it was—and while the rest of us were finding taxis or "the bus" Larry disappeared with his old handbag, as he always did. Later we knew he would turn up at the theatre to tell us of the fine room he had at some unheard-of little hotel, where one could get "wonderful coffee."

He adopted a smilingly superior attitude toward those of us who "paid them prices—for *rooms*."

"They don't get my money," he used to say proudly, but sometimes hinted that he had not always been so canny; when he was married and in vaudeville—we didn't know just which circumstance was responsible—he used always to stop at the best hotels.

That afternoon in Muncie—if it was Muncie; there is always a certain haziness about the identity of one-night stand towns—we were called to the theatre for a special rehearsal to brush up some of the loose ends of the play, as it was rumoured that Jake Lipson, our producer, would be in South Bend next day to look us over.

During rehearsal a young fellow came to the stage door and asked for Lawrence Evans. I called him inside while one of the boys brought Larry from the basement, where he was unpacking his trunk.

The boy stood by the stage door, looking curiously around at the scatter of scenery—just unloaded—the rolled-up "drops," the pairs of loose ropes hanging from the "fly" galleries, the little group rehearsing, down close to the dead footlights with a single strip of "ambers" overhead, and out at the dark, echoing auditorium. All new to him apparently. He was blond and slender, probably about seventeen years old, with a fine, delicate face made a bit too youthfully serious by dark-rimmed glasses. I liked him, and was wondering who he might be when Larry came up.

"I'm Mr. Evans. Did you want to see me?"

"Why, yes," the boy said slowly. "I believe I am your son."

I walked across the stage, out of earshot, but couldn't resist looking back. If Larry was stunned it seemed to help him, for by some miracle of equilibrium he managed to retain his initial dignity, and after a brief conversation with the boy showed him out the stage door with all the polite gravity of a Chesterfield and walked into his scene in the rehearsal as if nothing had happened. But after his exit he came over to me, dropped heavily on a box of "props" and grunted:

"Can you beat that?"

I admitted I could not.

"I hadn't seen that kid for fifteen years. He's just in this burg for a visit with one of his school pals. Lives in South Bend with his mother's people."

"I never knew you had any children, Larry."

"This is the only one—he's by my first wife. When she died her folks took him to raise. They're a religious bunch—Methodists—and never cared much for me, so I just stayed away. The kid's a Methodist too, of course. He's never been in a theatre before—front or back—so I told him to bring his pal and see the show to-night."

"Intelligent-looking young fellow," I remarked.

"Yes," said Larry, starting for his dressing-room; "he looks like his mother."

The two boys came back-stage after the second act that night and young Jimmie announced that they were leaving. There was some "problem" stuff in the play about a roadhouse and a faked register which didn't meet with the boys' approval at all. After he had hesitatingly made this clear to his father, young Jimmie left. His chum's parents were to motor to South Bend next morning, taking the two boys with them, so he promised to see us there.

At first Larry laughed; then he worried. I met him that night after the show as I came out of a dairy lunch; he was still worrying. We sat in the lobby of my hotel while I tried to cheer him up.

"The trouble is," he explained, "that I've been writing to this kid twice a year all this time. I always took lots of trouble with the letters, gettin' some well-educated guy like you to help me with 'em usually, and makin' them very fatherly, moral, lotta good advice—and all that stuff. I wrote him one once when I was drunk, and worried about what I'd said for a week—then I found the letter in the inside pocket of my overcoat—hadn't mailed it. . . . That was a relief.

"So you see he thinks I'm a different sort of a guy from what I really am, and I want him to keep on thinkin' it."

"Why? You're a pretty good sort, Larry."

"Oh, I suppose so—I'm not ashamed of myself—but you see this kid takes after my mother and his mother, not after my father or me, and he wouldn't understand me. So I've got to keep up this bluff and I'm kinda afraid to talk to him."

I began to suspect that Larry understood, after all, the relation of his silence to his dignity. I wanted to find out.

"What do you mean?"

"Why—I kind of give myself away when I talk much—I ain't such a sap that I don't know that, only usually I don't care."

"We'll be in South Bend two days, and Sunday," I reminded him.

"Yes, and so will he; after that he goes to a Methodist College—Ohio Wesleyan—so he'll be away from me and his Methodist relations a long time. I'd like to leave a good impression."

He got up and wandered over to the cigar counter to buy a stogie, then bade me good-night and slipped off toward his little hotel by the railway station.

The next night in South Bend, J. L. (the old man) saw the show and we were called for rehearsal Saturday morning. Larry came to rehearsal with a harassed look in his old gray eyes.

"See the boy yesterday?" I asked after rehearsal as I left the crap game, where the boys were trying to get some of Jake Lipson's money.

"I'll say I saw him. We had lunch together and I made a hit with him by praising up this Ohio Wesleyan College. Then I took him and his pal to a vaudeville show. . . ."

"Didn't they like it?"

"They thought it was awful. One of these girlie 'tab' acts *was* sort of 'blue.' Of course that made it bad, 'cause the kid knows I used to be in vaudeville."

"Did he say anything?"

"No, but he looked kinda funny when the other kid asked what kind of an act was I in—I told them I was a dramatic lecturer."

"What was it really, Larry—a sketch?".

"No. Blackface two-act in 'one.' Good act"—he went on defensively—"we had a lot of funny business with some fly-paper."

During the third act that afternoon Jimmie Evans came back-stage and talked quietly with Larry in the "prop" room. They shook hands at the stage door and I heard the boy say something about "to-morrow."

After the matinée the crap game started again in Ralph Lean's dressing-room. He had taken about fifty dollars away from Jake Lipson that morning and the Old Man was trying to get it

back. Bill Horning, young Norton, the stage manager and I were also "rolling them" when Larry stuck his head in the door and beckoned me out into the hall. I shot seven—and went.

"What do you think he sprung on me this afternoon?"

I didn't know.

"He asks me to go to *church* with him to-morrow—to Methodist church—and me not inside of a church since I was married the last time! And not only that, but I'd meet all his uncles and aunts and cousins—and his grandfather, the bishop! . . . Wow! I had a close squeak getting out of that!"

"But how did you get out of it?"

"I told him that I'm a strict Catholic and couldn't possibly go to no other church.

"That was a hot one, but after all my old man was a Catholic as a young fellow—he sorta got away from it after he married—and I was baptized by the priest. But I never got no further than that."

"But the boy believed you?"

"Believed me! He turned around and said, 'All right,' then he'd go to my church to-morrow—to show he wasn't narrow-minded! So I'm in for a high mass to-morrow—and me not knowing any more about it than a heathen Chinee!"

The situation struck me in the funny spot just then, but Larry checked my laugh.

"I know it's funny," he mourned, "but it's pretty damn serious to me. I won't see this boy of mine after to-morrow for a long time—maybe never. I've been sort of a bum daddy too, when you look at it. . . . Now, take my father—he was pretty good to me, on the whole, and still I've gone through life remembering an ugly tone in his voice and wishing I had thrown his five thousand in his face. . . . I don't want my kid to remember me that way."

"You'd like to do something that would make you a sort of splendid memory to him—is that it?"

"Yeah, that expresses it. If I could get away without making some bad crack that'll spoil everything—or if I could *do* something—something religious . . . and *flashy!*"

"To be both religious and flashy," I remarked, "takes money."

Young Norton rolled the bones across the floor of Lean's dressing-room so enthusiastically that one of them hurdled the door-jamb and skidded to rest at Larry's feet.

He picked it up, meditating over my words.

"Yes," he said slowly as he felt the ivory cube in his hands, "it takes money."

Then he was in Lean's room with both "bones" in his hand.

"I'll shoot five dollars, to start" . . . and he rolled them without waiting.

III

An hour later the game was going strong. It had started on a sort of "two-bit" basis, but whenever Larry took the dice he threw down a ten-dollar bill, and with Jake Lipson always ready to cover, the rest of us caught step and balanced our shooting hand with a left full of greenbacks.

The luck seemed to be wavering between Larry and Jake Lipson, with first one and then the other raking in the bulk of the bills. The rest of us were content to win enough "passes" to keep us in the game without any heavy loss.

"It's past six-thirty," remarked young Norton, "and I'm just about even. May I suggest a little dinner before the evening performance?"

"I'll shoot twenty dollars," answered Larry, who had just thrown aces for a ten-dollar loss, and bent over the bones as he slammed them at the wall. A six and four set him playing for ten, the difficult "Big Dick"—looked upon by most craps gamblers as next in undesirability to Number Four (Little Joe). Throw after throw, however, failed to turn up either a ten or the fatal seven. Larry tossed the dice again and again

silently and intensely as if he meant to hypnotize them into obeying his will, while the rest of the ring shouted for seven, or pleaded for it in low, impassioned "nigger talk."

"Come on—you pretty sleek baby seven—put the skids to him, honey!" Norton was imploring. "Slide him in the ditch, seven, and slide him dirty!"

"Seven . . . *come seven!*" roared Lean monotonously . . . with each roll of Larry's dice.

"You don't seem to talk to those bones at all, Larry," grunted Jake Lipson over the edge of his collar, "but you're certainly playing the game as if you wanted the money!"

"I don't talk to them because I hate 'em. . . . But I do want the money—damn bad!"

"Don't be rough with them then," said young Norton, "they don't like it. You've got to make love to them to win."

"To hell with making love to them!" said Larry and rolled two fives.

"Norton's right though, Larry—if you did win that twenty"—said Lipson, reaching into his pocket for another handful of bills, "you can't win anything by swearing at the dice."

"Can't I?" Larry barked. "Watch me! I'll shoot the forty!"

He threw out a "natural" and "pyramided" the eighty dollars which was covered by a scattering of five-dollar bills from the regulars and three crisp twenties from Jake. Larry got Little Joe on his first throw and went after it with a fusillade of profanity. On the fourth attempt Little Joe answered meekly and Larry tucked a hundred dollars in his pocket and shot for the odd sixty, losing promptly.

The dice went round the circle without responding very well to any holder's entreaties until Larry regained them. He started again with twenty dollars, pyramided on two lightning passes and surprised us by coming back with a third. That gave him one hundred and sixty dollars; we expected him to cut down his stake then, but he didn't.

"I'll shoot the works! Coming out!"

Jake Lipson covered him in a hurry, and Larry rolled out a deuce and a trey—Phoebe, by name. He insulted Phoebe for four throws, maligning her ancestry, her good name and all her physical attributes, and then, like a beaten cave-woman she crawled to her mate, carrying three hundred and twenty dollars with her. Larry "soaked" the three hundred—and lost the dice.

He lost twenty-five or thirty dollars before they came back to him again; then dropped a pair of sixes on his first throw, while Lipson scooped in his twenty dollars.

"Your luck's gone now, old timer—'craps' again!" he croaked, but Larry doubled on him and flung a neat "eleven." He doubled again and blasphemy scorched the floor boards while he brought a nine into port with one hundred and sixty dollars in tow.

"Cover the stack—I'll let it ride!"

"Sure I'll cover!" Jake slapped three fifties on the floor as Lean covered the extra ten. "You got away with that pyramid thing twice—this time we'll nick you."

"Not while I can kick these plugged-up ivories in the face!" yelled Larry and rolled two fives.

"Big Dick will stop him," panted Lean.

Three of Larry's profane summonses failed to bring Big Dick to heel.

"Come . . . SEVEN!" Jake commanded, trying to snap his fat, manicured fingers, while his neck bulged threateningly over the famous Lipson collar.

"I want a ten, bones—you hunks of corruption," chanted Larry and flung them at the wall.

Six . . . and four.

We looked at him dumbly while he stuffed bills into his pockets.

"Don't you *ever* quit, you crazy monkeys?" The stage manager was standing in the doorway. "It's ten minutes to eight—better get 'made-up.'"

"What time?" Lipson whipped out his watch. "Wow! I'll have to hot-foot or I'll miss my train to Chicago. Call me a taxi. . . ! Have to get even

with you some other day, Larry. . . . So long, everybody. . . . Good luck!"

"Gee—how did it get so late?" young Norton laughed. "Let's send out for some sandwiches."

Larry was counting his money. "I'll say it was Good Luck . . . and I didn't talk pretty to 'em . . . two ham sandwiches—no mustard!"

* * * * *

I had one of my bad nights that Saturday and didn't get to sleep until daylight was beginning to creep in the window. Then all the chambermaids decided to hold a meeting outside my door, and when I had irritably adjourned it I was wide awake as ever. So I took a cold bath and started out for a walk.

The residential street I chose lay long and open and cold in its Sunday morning quiet. The air was good. Then outside a big Catholic church I stopped to hear the voices of a fine choir drifting into the still street. The singing ceased. A moment later a clock downtown chimed six. Two women came out of the church, followed by a priest. As the women passed I heard one of them saying:

". . . and the full choir too—rather unusual for a special mass—very expensive—Father Kelly thought . . ."

"And now, my boy, good-bye"—the familiar voice turned me about to see Larry, very dignified in his "good" suit, talking with the boy Jimmie at the foot of the steps.

". . . I hope this service has impressed you with some of my feeling toward my father's church—but you are raised in another faith, and perhaps it's just as well. Now here's five hundred dollars for you—it will help you in college to have a little extra money sometimes. My only last word to you is—'Never gamble—and don't travel any more than you have to!'"

The boy pressed his hand, murmured something I could not hear, and still looking back at his father turned down the street that led to his home. Larry looked after him, thinking, perhaps, of how far away that street was, with its homes, its First M. E. Church, from the Main Street he always followed, the Main Street of the theatre, the hotel, the railway station. . . . He turned and saw me looking at him wonderingly.

"Bill—you ought to go to church," he said, buttoning up his coat. "I just had a swell special mass said for the soul of my old man. Special candles, choir—everything. Cost me two hundred bucks. . . . But, I guess I showed that kid of mine what a religious son of a gun I *am!*"

Then we went down to Thompson's and had some coffee.

DESPAIR is what a woman feels after the man has abandoned her. Despair is what a man feels before he has abandoned her.

A HOSTESS OF TRAGEDY

By Marie Beynon Ray

I

THERE wasn't much light in the room—just the darting arrows from the open fire—but it all played about my mother, sweeping over the frosty rose taffeta of her gown, leaping from the point of her silver slipper to a bronze furrow in her hair, running up a white arm, posed to hold a protecting fan, or slipping down into a low-cut bodice.

In this caressing light, my mother, though my twenty-one years lay stretched at her feet, looked a scant twenty-five; and even in the beating light of day her complexion confessed to scarcely more than thirty years; yet she had just finished remarking to me, lightly, with a toss of her fan that threw the ugly thought behind her, that she would live but a few years longer—not that there was any slightest ailment—oh, not a pin prick!—but forty was long enough for any woman to live; at any rate, the destined span of her own life; "for how should a woman sway love and life and laughter after that age?"

I laughed the prophecy away, though now, remembering her early death, I cannot touch it so lightly. And then I spoke again of the portrait that hung above the fireplace, scarcely lifted from its velvet shadows by an occasional lick of flame. My mother's eyes, softening from their raillery, rested on its deep shadows, from her rich memories of the man filling in the sombre frame with its dear presentment.

"Yes, this is the long evening in which to tell thee the story," she said, lowering her eyes to mine.

It seemed to me at the moment, by the little yellow flames that lit her eyes, dancing in their bronze depths, that a softer expression of fondness for me came into them, and I am not likely to overrate my mother's love for me. I think I always knew, even as a very little child, my humble place in her affections—not that she did not love me, but there were so many more absorbing loves to fill her life that my dog-like devotion, which needed no encouragement and fattened on indifference, took a minor place in her regard.

"Thou art a little like him," she said—"through being a little like me. If I had known thee these last six years while thou hast been in English colleges and travelling, thou mightest have grown to take his place. Next to thy father he came—yes, no other second. Was he not handsome, my brother Marcel?"

Again her eyes, lit with tiny golden flames, rested fondly on the oiled shadows of the canvas. Then she stooped to tap my shoulder with her fan, smiling affectionately: "I dedicate this story 'to my son—when he is twenty-one.'"

II

IT was in our own château, in that very pile of gray stones in the south of France where I heard the tale, that that strange event took place, on a night and a day that, whenever memory touched, it shuddered from—not the memory only of my mother, whose love was so deeply involved, but the memory of each of those other eight persons whose lives it took and twisted and never let run quite straight again. It was not in

this little room of cosy flames that the tragedy began and ended, but in that far room (my mother located it for me) a story above, looking out, through six wide windows, upon a wintry park —black trunks of trees, black pools of water at their roots, black pads of leaves, all starkly sketched, as that shivering dawn stole through the park, against one of our thin sprinklings of southern snow and a white, staring sky.

It was before dawn, when house and park were still steeped in night, when there was no sound but that soft footfall, no light but that streaming candle, that the hasty rapping came at my father's door. Then the hurried, frightened words of the servant, guarding the candle with his hand while my father pulled on slippers and robe; the search along wavering corridors; the finding of the body in a far passage—alive or dead, no one could tell by the fitful candle, but still warm to the touch; then the two men stumbling back through the darkened halls with their burden till at last it was deposited on my father's bed, the door closed, and the key turned.

My father, the Marquis de Saint-Armand, from his experience among his peasants and cattle, far from doctor's service, knew the signs of approaching death and the simple remedies of simple illnesses. This, then, he soon knew, was not death, but a fit—one that had lasted, he could not say how long, but for which he knew certain alleviations. So, in a short time, the man, the young Vicomte de Cassagnac, regained consciousness, but could not, for some time, be moved to his room.

But this epilepsy, serious as it was, was not my father's chief concern. Love is more serious than life, and honour than love. The Vicomte might have his epilepsy, but the time and the place had been ill-chosen. He lay in negligée, and he had fallen in the hall some time during the night, in a part of the house reserved for the women guests of that festive week-end, where no man, least of all he, should have been.

While he was yet tending the young man, bent over his bed, the thing of all things that my father would least have had happen occurred; the man of all men whom he would least have had present, stood, as he turned to reach for a glass, at the foot of the bed—my mother's brother. My father's whole manner to the servant had cautioned secrecy, but because of the hour and the improbability of interruption, he had not thought to warn him in so many words: So when the man, sent into the adjoining room for a necessity, heard a light rapping at the door, and, opening cautiously, saw my uncle, it did not occur to him to exclude a member of the family. He, Monsieur Delavigne, wakeful, had heard their stumbling progress along the hall, and the servant, with no suspicion of deeper significances in the event, had briefly related his early rising to prepare for the hunt breakfast, his finding of the young Vicomte in that far passage, his serious condition.

So there, at the foot of the bed, silent, with a countenance that spoke his understanding of all the servants had missed, stood my uncle.

My father glanced hastily toward the Vicomte, and the eyes of Monsieur Delavigne followed, but the eyes of the young man were closed. Before he raised de Cassagnac to sip the water, the Marquis de Saint-Armand motioned my uncle to leave them, but he, with his eyes meaningly on my father's, slightly shook his head. So the Vicomte was raised, opened his eyes, encountered for a second the fixed glance of Monsieur Delavigne, then lowered his head slowly to the glass. In that brief measuring of glances, nothing was revealed in the young men's gaze, not so much as by a tightening of the pupils. Monsieur Delavigne and the Marquis passed into the next room.

There, between them, as the door closed softly, rose up the ominous question. The Marquis put his hand on his brother-in-law's shoulder.

"In a few hours," he said, "after a brief sleep, he will be stronger. Then we can question him."

Monsieur Delavigne shrugged his shoulders at the futility of this.

"We can try," he answered. "Meantime?"

My father threw out his hands.

On that hall, in a remote part of the château where the Vicomte had fallen, opened three rooms, each occupied by guests of the previous evening—one, the most distant, by Madame de Hautefort, the wife of that Monsieur de Hautefort who afterwards became *secretaire du senat;* the second by my aunt, the wife of Monsieur Delavigne; the third by Mademoiselle de Jocelyn, almost a stranger to my mother, invited because a young friend of my mother's, the Vicomte de Lacroix, was paying her court—was, indeed, except for the final word, an accepted suitor.

All three women were young and pretty, and each, according to my mother, who was a connoisseur of beauty and who set their different types clearly before me, a woman formidable in love. Madame de Hautefort . . . But let me describe them as they came together that morning in the room overlooking the park.

Here met, first of all, my father, Monsieur Delavigne and my mother. This was at six o'clock, just before dawn. The young Vicomte was then in the room above, and already he had begun that interminable pacing back and forth that, for weary hours, was to sound in the ears of those below like the prison-pacing of a man condemned. Whoever else was innocent, this young man was guilty. My father had been with him, had questioned him, but could not, though he might have wished the young man less a man, advise him in honour to answer other than he did. His guilt was obvious; so many circumstances rose up to entangle him, that, after his first faltering denials, he admitted the truth. Only he would not, even when the evidence narrowed the possibilities to three, say who it was he had visited thus secretly.

So the Marquis de Saint-Armand went to Monsieur de Hautefort; my mother, because Mademoiselle de Jocelyn had no one else who could take this news to her, went to the room of that young girl; and Monsieur Delavigne went to his wife, each with a story that, however casually related, held a sinister question. Difficult as was the task of my mother and of my father, that of Monsieur Delavigne was infinitely more difficult. For he went to one he loved and one he doubted.

Nothing. . . . Each of the three women, one of whom was certainly the sweetheart of that young man, professed her innocence—with surprise, with tears, with indignation, according to her nature.

As my mother's eyes scanned her brother's face on his entrance, she saw that it was less drawn. Those denials had given him a peace he could not completely trust—but peace. Then came Monsieur de Hautefort, also with assurances of innocence, though he, loving and doubting less, did not look so immeasurably relieved.

Madame Delavigne entered next—as a member of the family, deeply concerned. She was a woman of stately carriage, with so many of the qualities about her of beautiful marble that one unconsciously became the spectator of her statuesqueness. She moved always in a little wind that swept her garments against her slender figure, sculptured to perfection. Her lovely face was lifted upward on a sloping throat, but a gentle smile denied the haughtiness of its pose. Yet, for all she could ever do or say, there was an aloofness as of sculpture about her that kept humanity its distance. She stooped to kiss my little mother and all her concern was for her, the hostess of this tragedy.

"My poor dear Antoinette," she said softly, "I am so sorry. Hark! Is that that poor young man? Ah, heavens! how terrible! . . . No news as yet?"

She glanced from blank face to blank face. "Oh, would it not be better to drop this dreadful business? For the sake of that young man?" She pointed above, where those restless feet paced back and forth.

My father took her hand gently.

"It is necessary to go through with this, Madeleine," he said, "so that the good name of two women may be cleared, and the honour of two men saved. For the third man and the third woman—that is between *them*."

"Ah," she said a little wearily, sinking into a chair by the window, a lovely cheek upon a lovely hand, "it is you men who force these ugly issues. We, I am sure, would not push this affair to save our honour. Each one could bear her share of the suspicion."

Her husband stepped quickly to her side.

"But, Madeleine," he remonstrated, stooping earnestly to her raised face, "don't you see?—no man could bear that share of the suspicion—not a hundredth part of it—for the woman he loved."

"So one woman's honour must be sacrificed completely," she answered coldly, turning away from his earnestness.

"But think of the suffering of each man who loves and doubts—and who must live the rest of his life with that uncertainty!"

She raised her eyes frankly to his.

"But, Marcel," she said, "each man must believe the woman he loves."

Again that immense relief came to him. He stooped to raise her hand to his lips.

At that moment Mademoiselle de Jocelyn entered, hesitated an instant on the threshold, then went swiftly to my father.

"Monsieur le Marquis," she said, "I should like the Vicomte de Lacroix to be told."

"I will go at once, Mademoiselle. Do you wish to see him?"

"Yes—yes. Here or alone—it does not matter."

Of her, my mother said, though she scarcely knew her, she had never entertained a doubt. In my mother's mind, the question lay between her brother's wife and Madame de Hautefort. Mademoiselle de Jocelyn was a person not easy to know and a person not easy to doubt. One came to know her gradually, passing from intimacy to intimacy by slow, sweet stages, never feeling sure one possessed her entirely. My mother had not entered the first of these stages, but she believed her none the less a young girl singularly pure and unworldly—certainly the least experienced of these three women.

In spite of the slight atmosphere of chill that surrounded her (due, my mother said, to her partly English blood—to her consequent almost prudish stiffness of manner, and to her utter lack of coquetry), her beauty had a thrilling warmth. A richness of colour glowed in her cheeks like a hidden lamp; her hair revealed a whole scale of melting browns; and her eyes, gray as dawn, had made, my mother said, all gray eyes honest for her.

When the Vicomte de Lacroix, her suitor, entered, he went straight to her, and though he was too young to summon the lightness of a smile, it was for the world to see that there was no more question of her in his mind than if she had been an infant at its baptism. But that was after Madame de Hautefort had come, tapping nervously at the door, asking leave to enter, fearing to intrude. Madame de Hautefort . . . a little blonde—insignificant except for her celestial prettiness, terrible because of it—and because of its lack of aim and direction. It was a holocaust, devastating everything within range. You know the blonde prettiness that men adore. Raise it to its highest power—and that is Madame de Hautefort.

She was nervous, she had been weeping, she wept still more—yet, somehow, remained deliciously pretty. At the sound of the footsteps overhead, she gave a little scream and covered her face. Madame Delavigne turned from her with a faint sneer.

My mother dropped beside her on the divan and put an arm about her, for she feared it might be she who loved the young man—I think, for her brother's sake, she almost hoped it was.

It was then that the Vicomte de Lacroix entered. For him Mademoiselle de Jocelyn had a faint smile, and

they went apart in an embrasure. At this new arrival Madame Delavigne broke into a low laugh, instantly stifled by a lovely hand.

"I beg your pardon—everyone's," she said, gravely sweet. "But it is so absurd—all of us huddling here together as if there were a single thing we could do. It would be so much more sane if we all had breakfast and went hunting."

No one answered and she turned wearily to the window and, resting her head upon her hand, looked out upon that desolate morning—upon a day that never dawned, never grew to a day, but crept along to darkness in a sickly twilight.

At the opening of the door, all turned quickly, and this time, in the grave countenance of my father as he entered, there was promise of some sort of answer to the question in every face.

He walked slowly to the great hearth where an untended fire was dying, and there stood with his back to all those questioning faces.

"Thy father is as wise as Solomon," said my mother, brushing her plumed fan across my cheek. "Even then, when thou wert but a baby and he as young almost as thou art now, he had the knowledge of the hearts of men. It was not without intent that he waited there with his back to us all, drawing the suspense of each heart to a painful tenseness. Thou knowest the story of the wise king—how when two women disputed the motherhood of a baby, the king, sitting in judgment, paused, and then pronounced, 'Divide the living child in two, and give half to the one and half to the other,' and how at that the true mother cried out and renounced her child to save it. I think always of that judgment when I remember how thy father waited before he turned to us. He was to test the hearts of these women in just this way."

"You know," he said, "that the Vicomte de Cassagnac has refused a duel as the choice of an antagonist would be decisive; and yet he must give satisfaction. He desires earnestly to give that satisfaction. . . . I have just been with him."

My father paused, and his grave young face became, with its responsibility, graver still.

"I do not feel that I have the right to withhold from anyone here the decision that the Vicomte has come to. It is, perhaps, a violation of his confidence, though he did not ask me to keep silence. I believe he merely feels that he is doing all within his power to save the honour of the woman whom he loves and to make what reparation he can to the man he has wronged. No other solution has occurred to him."

Again a pause.

"But I feel, in justice to the woman who loves Victor de Cassagnac, as well as in justice to all who must suffer by her silence, that she should be given this chance to prevent so much unhappiness."

Ah, the terror of that final pause!

"Victor de Cassagnac has decided to die by his own hand. Within the hour."

Would she cry out? Would she rise, dumb and white, her terrified silence betraying her? Would she fly to him? How would the woman who loved Victor de Cassagnac confess her love?

Nothing. . . . Silence. A room of statues. The heart that loved the young man was stronger in its own defence than his.

But, in a moment, the women moved.

Madame Delavigne clasped her hands, murmuring, "Ah, God! the poor young man!"

Madame de Hautefort gave her little scream.

Mademoiselle de Jocelyn moved swiftly from the side of the Vicomte de Lacroix with only a broken, "Ah!"—then stood helpless in the middle of the room.

Within the hour.

Would not any heart break within such an hour?

Madame de Hautefort, on the shoulder of her husband, who loved her a little, doubted her a little, sobbed and moaned like a beaten child. Mademoiselle de Jocelyn, sitting pale and

quiet in the obscurity of the embrasure, answered only with vague gestures the whispered remarks of her fiancé. Madame Delavigne, after rising once impatiently as though to leave this funereal conclave, sank back wearily into her chair and thenceforth sat gazing from the window, indifferent to the slight movements in the room.

Could any heart be as hard as one woman's seemed to be?—with those restless feet pacing the floor above?

My mother's thoughts ran in the circle formed by these three women, doubting now the one, now the other, doubting once, for a brief second, at some memory of a glance she had seen her bestow upon Victor de Cassagnac, of some rumour she had heard of the coolness of her affection for the Vicomte de Lacroix, even Mademoiselle de Jocelyn. But most of all she doubted, perhaps because she dreaded that most, Madame Delavigne, motionless at her window.

So half the hour, measured by fearful heartbeats, went slowly by. The feet above beat out their few remaining minutes. Once, raising her head from her husband's shoulder, Madame de Hautefort sobbed out, "Perhaps he will not wait the hour," and then, as the footsteps suddenly ceased, she screamed and seized her husband's arm. From their tense attitudes, the statues turned and faced her. Was the confession to be hers? Now, surely now, the woman who loves must speak.

Madame de Hautefort dragged her husband to his feet.

"Oh, save him, save him!" she cried. "Go to him—save him!" and sank into his arms.

At that, from the half-light of the embrasure, Mademoiselle de Jocelyn rose and walked swiftly to the door. There, with her hand on the knob, she turned, facing the room. She glanced with faintest scorn but more of pity, at the weak woman who sobbed on the divan, with pity but more of scorn, at the strong woman who sat coldly in her window. She placed one hand over the other on the handle, steadying herself, and raised her head very proudly.

"It is I who love Victor de Cassagnac," she said. "I am going to save him."

III

My mother's hands dropped to her lap, letting fall the fan from her face—a sweet face, full of the baffling coquetry men love, now at its tenderest in sad memories.

"But that is not the end?" I asked.

"No, that is not the end. The end—if it has come—was many years later. But while they live, all those whose lives it touched so nearly, I think there is no end. . . . They left the château that afternoon—Mademoiselle de Jocelyn and the Vicomte de Cassagnac. They were married somewhere—somehow. Soon after we heard that they had gone to Italy. They lived there for many years."

My mother told me how strange all this seemed to her at the time—especially their leaving so suddenly, so awkwardly. Why had they not stayed and let matters arrange themselves? So that things would seem more—more *comme il faut*, less embarrassing? There was no need of a situation, of gossip. But—my mother threw out explanatory hands—the girl was partly English—foreign—unaccountable.

"That was not the end for them—nor for my brother," my mother continued. "Somehow, in the years that followed, my brother's doubts grew, corroding his soul. It was strange. He could not, except by vague, intangible things, account for it himself. A feeling, a foreboding, that outweighed every proof. He had the assurances of his wife—unequivocal, admitting no question: he had the confession of Mademoiselle de Jocelyn, her marriage. Yet—yet—and yet. . . . Nothings—less than air—but enough in the end to kill a man. Two years later, with no more proof than the memory of an expression on his wife's face as Mademoiselle de Jocelyn stood in the doorway, very proudly announcing her love for Victor de Cassagnac,

something he thought he saw, something he guessed, and something, too, in the attitude of that young girl . . . with no more proof than this, my brother took his life."

My mother reached her hand for mine, and when she let me see her face again, soft tears stood in her eyes.

"Ah, so long—so long ago," she said, clasping her hands on her breast. "But I have him here always." She spoke as of a lover, and I believe that in those years he had come to mean almost more than that to her.

"And—and was she guilty?" I asked softly.

My mother put her hand upon my mouth.

"There came a spring when I was in Paris. One evening, as I was dressing for a ball, a messenger came to the house with a note of two lines, written clearly, 'I am dying. Come to my hotel. I must see you.' This in one handwriting—the signature in another, vague, confused—her own. . . . 'Estelle de Cassagnac.'

"She lay in a great dark bed, tall, shadowed with its sombre draperies. Against her pillows, propping her high for her last breaths, her face was parchment, yet with beauty in the dark, clear eyes and the masses of hair of many browns. She took my hands, and for a moment just waited for breath.

"'Thank you—for coming,' she said at last. 'I must tell you in three words—it is all I have. I cannot die without speaking. Now that he, your brother, is dead, I am free to speak. It was because of that—he killed himself?'

"I nodded.

"'Yet not in vain,' she murmured—she meant her sacrifice—'I saved him—Victor, whom she would have let die.'

"Then, from slow, broken phrases, I gathered her story; and I could see, as she told me, by the lifting of the shadow from her face, that I was better for her than a confessor.

"When she heard thy father tell of the Vicomte's decision and when she saw that the woman for whose honour he was dying would not speak, the determination to sacrifice herself formed itself in her heart. Hardest it was for her to shatter the love and faith of that young man to whom she was engaged and who trusted her so. Her love for him was not an overwhelming passion, but a calm, substantial affection. That was not her sacrifice; it was chiefly his belief in her that she regretted, and the injury she was doing his love. But at the hysterical cry of Madame de Hautefort, she could bear it no longer and leapt to her martyrdom.

"How she persuaded the Cassagnac to accept her sacrifice, how they settled so quickly to marry and give up friends and home, she had not strength to tell me. And it does not greatly matter. Life is so full of situations we cannot explain. They were not happy—ever. They were not suited—she too high-minded for him, he too weak for her. A love born of the sacrifice she had made for him swept him through the first months, and admiration of her goodness and her beauty kept him always tender and affectionate. She died, thank God, with a little peace in her heart. But ah! so pitifully different was the white, sad face that sank back into the pillows from the glowing beauty that had faced us so proudly that morning from the doorway."

* * * * *

My mother finished, her hand over her eyes.

"And so," I said, after a long pause, "Madame Delavigne, my uncle's wife, was guilty."

My mother nodded and shuddered.

I put her scarf about her shoulders and poked the dying fire. The sparks that shot from its embers threw quick tongues of light over my mother's gown, over white arms and shoulders, and lit the tears in her eyes.

"They two—the innocent, the pure in heart—they died," she said. "The others live."

She bowed her head in her hands and the quickening flames leapt over her sorrowing figure—a hostess of tragedy.

AUBADE

By Leslie Nelson Jennings

THE dawn is uttered. Like some whispering harp
The hills give back the music; flutes, on wings
Of morning, in the violet air are sharp
As broken crystal—and a low wind sings.
Light is upon the world. O harpist, lean
And pluck the poplars to a silver tune,
While owls go home in blindness through serene
Kingdoms of dew but lately of the moon!

A chimney stains the East, and bells are loud
In valleys where awakenings are sweet;
From lip to lip Life's recognitions run . . .
Oh, let us knock upon some door of cloud,
Cry out these ardours down some drowsy street,
Kings in these golden cities of the sun!

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—Brain-Fag	—Lack of System
—Indecision	—Indefiniteness
—Dullness	—Lack of Initiative
—Shyness	—Mental Flurry

that handicap so many people to-day.

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—Observation	—Forcefulness
—Perception	—Self-Confidence
—Judgment	—Self-Control
—Initiative	—Driving-Power
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—Decision	—Reliability
—Ideation	—Salesmanship
—Resourcefulness	—Rightly-directed Energy and
—Organising Power	—A Reliable Memory

that are indispensable if you wish to achieve success in any sphere of life.

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ABOUT TOWN, FASHIONS AND OTHER THINGS

By Madame X

I always know when spring is coming by three things. First, the crocuses in Kensington Gardens; second, the frisky kittens in Covent Garden, where yesterday respectable cats dozed; and third, the hats in the park. These last are lovely, the favourite fabrics being, I should think, duvetyn, kid, and that shiny straw which Parisians like so much. But, whatever the fabric, with the exception of kid, which has usually a pattern stitched on it, the new hats have hanging veils. These veils, in spite of their universality, continue to charm. They are plain or embroidered net, or, as is more frequently the case, they are of lace. They hang over the brim of the hat and flirt with the eyes, or fall even lower in the form of a "nose" veil. They are in all colours, ecrue, apparently, being the most becoming, and they are *always* knotted at one side with the fashionable hanging ends. Matrons and *les jeunes filles* favour these veils, and one sees them everywhere.

Speaking of the kid and leather hats, they are remarkably becoming too, and are made practically in two shapes—the Russian style with the embroidered band encircling the head and rising to a point in the front, and the ever-popular "tammy." I saw Heather Thatcher recently at Rumpelmeyer's having tea in hers—the tam-o'-shanter, I mean—which was of bright scarlet kid, dragged well over to one side and stabbed with a suitable pin. She looked very smart and pretty.

Lace is having a great vogue. I must admit that, with the exception of black, I do not care for the lace dresses that are flooding Bond Street and Hanover Square. As the lady said of marriage, "they're all right at first!" But they soon look soiled and lose their freshness. Then, again, they are so liable to catch and tear that unless one can afford to be constantly replenishing one's wardrobe they are not worth buying.

The new designs from Paris still include "petal" frocks. They have a charm and simplicity that will last many moons. Trimmed with hand-made flowers and fruit, or a big silver sash, and made in the loveliest of pale shades, they give the wearer the fragile delicacy of a Fragonard shepherdess. Speaking of types, I met Lady Townshend, the novelist and playwright, a short time ago at dinner. She was dressed in black, and with her fair hair and pretty eyes she looked a perfect "Greuse." I mentioned this to her, and she said that, funnily enough, the same remark had once been passed by her maid, whose admiration, evidently, exceeded her etymological exactness, for she exclaimed that Lady Townshend looked a "real grouse!"

One sees all the world and his wife at the best of the dance clubs just now, and often it's someone else's. One thing which has intrigued me of late is the effective tints in powder which are becoming very widely used, though, I should imagine, only for evening wear. The powder I am thinking of is lavender, and is dusted over the eyelids with a little cotton-wool. The effect certainly makes it worth while. Unfortunately, the only lavender powder which one can buy in the usual way is too pale to be becoming, and, as the evening wears away, gives a "whity" appearance to the eyes which sounds rather horrible. But my informant, who is an exceedingly smart woman, tells me that Frenchwomen who tint their eyelids are using ordinary pastels. It is quite harmless, of course, and is applied, as I have said, with a little cotton-wool. The great point, too, in the favour of pastels is the variety of shades that one can get: blue and lavender for blue and gray eyes, and green for the "vamps." And, of course, if one wishes to be really exceptional, one can get amber and affect that dolorous "Edmund Dulac" effect! I'm afraid in cold print it all looks rather artificial, but for evening wear, and applied skilfully, it is really lovely; and only the very plain or the very puritanical will banish it. But then, to the pure all things are impure!

I have seen some of M. Poiret's new full skirts for spring and summer. This excellent designer of frocks may have an equally excellent reason for wishing us to wear yards upon yards of material gathered round our waists, but I hope and suspect that his will be

Some Old-Fashioned Beauty Recipes

Simple and Effective

BY

MIMOSA

The Magnetism of Beautiful Hair

BEAUTIFUL hair adds immensely to the personal magnetism of both men and women. Actresses and smart women are ever on the lookout for any harmless thing that will increase the natural beauty of their hair. The latest method is to use pure stallax as a shampoo on account of the peculiarly glossy, fluffy, and wavy effect which it leaves. As stallax has never been used much for this purpose it comes to the chemist only in ¼-lb. sealed original packages, enough for twenty-five or thirty shampoos. A teaspoonful of the fragrant stallax granules, dissolved in a cup of hot water, is more than sufficient for each shampoo. It is very beneficial and stimulating to the hair, apart from its beautifying effect.

Permanently Removing Superfluous Hair

HOW to permanently, not merely temporarily, remove a downy growth of disfiguring superfluous hair, is what many women wish to know. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that pure powdered pheminol, obtainable from the chemist's, may be used for this purpose. It is applied directly to the objectionable hair. The recommended treatment not only instantly removes the hair, leaving no trace, but is designed also to kill the roots completely.

Home-Made Hair Tonic

MY acquaintances say that a good stimulant to the natural growth of the hair is a very simple, effective and safe stimulating lotion made up by mixing one ounce of boranium with ¼ pint of bay rum. This may be applied to the hair roots occasionally with the finger tips with good results.

The Curling Iron

DON'T use a hot iron to curl your hair. Some of my friends make the cunningest sort of curls wherever they want them simply by dampening the hair with liquid silmerine before retiring at night. When the hair is dry in the morning it will be softly curly just where you want it to be. This method is perfectly harmless, even beneficial to the hair, and the curls last a long time. The liquid is quite pleasant, and neither sticky nor greasy.

To Have Smooth, White Skin, Free From Blemish

DOES your skin chap or roughen easily, or become unduly red or blotchy? Let me tell you a quick and easy way to overcome the trouble and keep your complexion beautifully white, smooth, and soft. Just get some ordinary mercolized wax at the chemist's and use a little before retiring as you would use cold cream. The wax, through some peculiar action, flecks off the rough, discoloured, or blemished skin. The worn-out cuticle comes off just like dandruff on a diseased scalp, only in almost invisible particles. Mercolized wax simply hastens Nature's work, which is the rational and proper way to attain a perfect complexion, so much sought after, but very seldom seen. The process is perfectly simple and quite harmless.

Blackheads Fly Away

A PRACTICALLY instantaneous remedy for blackheads, greasy skins, and enlarged pores, recently discovered, is now coming into general use in the boudoir. It is very simple, harmless, and pleasant. Drop a stymol tablet, obtained at the chemist's, in a tumbler full of hot water. After the effervescence has subsided bathe the face in the liquid, using a small sponge or soft cloth. In a few minutes dry the face, and the offensive blackheads will come right off on the towel. Also the large oily pores immediately close up and efface themselves naturally. The greasiness disappears, and the skin is left smooth, soft, and cool. This simple treatment is then repeated a few times at intervals of four or five days to ensure the permanence of the result.

a voice crying alone in the wilderness. I hear also, on every hand, that blouses are to usurp "jumpers," which is a pity from a practical point of view, but a delight when one inspects the exquisite creations made in crêpe de Chine and, loveliest of all, the French lawns and linens embroidered in Madeira and inserted *filet* lace, which are already to be found at the Irish Linen Company in Knightsbridge and Bond Street.

I was speaking to Miss Mary Glynne the other day. Miss Glynne is working daily at the studios at Islington of the "Famous Lasky Players," and is appearing as "lead" in five films under the direction of Mr. Donald Crisp, the latest of which is shortly to be "released"—I think that is the right word—and is called "Keeping up Appearances."

One of her dresses, she told me, is of rose chiffon velvet, though it will photograph white, of course, and has the expensive indefiniteness about the upper part of it which one frequently sees on imported models, and a beautiful clinging skirt. The individual feature about it that most charmed her, however, was a fish-tail train tied in a knot about half a yard from the bottom. Pauline Grey, who also plays a prominent part in the same film, says that the Famous Lasky studios are models of up-to-dateness. They have a wardrobe, it seems, of about a hundred gowns, all made by good French firms, and these gowns are withdrawn and substituted for new ones every six months. Certainly a very good idea and a very kind one, particularly for many girls who, however suitable they may be for "filming," find a limited number of dresses a serious drawback.

What a galaxy of lovely clothes one sees at Daly's in "Sybil," with Miss José Collins in the title rôle—everything very Russian and the music just what we have been taught to expect from that theatre! I saw the same piece played in New York with a young lady playing the part of Sybil who was so sweet—oh, worse than that!—that one felt one had breakfasted off saccharine. So different from Miss Collins, who looks particularly striking in a glistening gown of silver with bunches of apple-green tulle and little ostrich feathers on the hips, the whole being completed by a magnificent feather fan and Russian head-dress, the former carried and waved in the regal José Collins manner!

THE COMPLEXION BEHIND THE MAKE-UP

A good complexion must be very carefully cultivated to render it immune from the results of the present craze for make-up. The natural complexion will come into its own again; therefore I recommend all women to preserve their skins under their gray and brown powders, etc. Mrs. Adair's Ganesh Eastern Oil comes as near to the natural secretions of the skin as is possible, and it is worth trying. All her preparations have the merit of supplying what the skin should have and generally lacks.

A very useful invention of hers, too, is the chin-strap, which prevents and cures a double chin, and removes those deep lines from nose to mouth which have such an ageing effect on the prettiest face. I always think that the contour of the face is as important as a good complexion.

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